

City-Night-Cap:

*Crede quod habes, & habes.*

Tragi-Comedy.

By Robert Davenport.

*First Edition.*

As it was Acted with great Applause,  
by Her Majesties Servants, at  
the Phoenix in Drury Lane.

L O N D O N :

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*collected  
Perfect.  
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## *Drammatis Personæ.*

Duke of Verona.  
Duke of Venice, Brother to Abstemia.  
Duke of Millain.  
Antonio, the Duke's Son.  
Lorenzo, Husband to Abstemia.  
Philippo, his Friend.  
Lodovico, Husband to Dorothea.  
Lords of Verona.  
Senators of Venice.  
Sanchio. } Lords of Millain.  
Sebastiano. }  
Pandulpho.  
Spinoso.  
Jalpro.  
Yovani.  
Francisco, Servant to Lodovico.  
Pambo, a Clown.  
Morbo, a Pander.  
A Turk, Slave to Antonio.  
a Slaves to Lorenzo.  
Officers and Servants.

## *Women ACTORS.*

Abstemia, Lorenzo's Wife, and Sister to the Duke  
Venice.  
Dorothea, Lodovico's wanton Lady.  
Timpanina, a Bowd.  
Ladies.

*Actus Primus.*

*Enter Lorenzo and Philippi.*

*Lor.* **T**Hou shalt try her yet once more. *Has not blocked*

*Phil.* *Fie, fie.*

*Lor.* Thou shalt do't. *He will not do't.*

*Phil.* Try your fair wife?

You know 'tis an old point, and wondrous frequent  
In most of our Italian Comedies.

*Lor.* What do I earn for that? let him seek new ones.  
Cannor make old ones better; and this new point  
(Young Sir) may produce new smooth passages,  
Transcending those precedent. pray will ye do't.

*Phil.* Pray steal your self no farther; twice you have swaid me,  
Twice I have try'd her; and tis not yet, ye know,  
Ten days since our reconciliation:  
How will it show in you so near a Kinsman

To the Duke, nay, having woten your self into  
The close-wrought Mystery of Opinion,  
Where you remain a souldier, a man  
Of brain and quality, to put your friend  
Again on such a business, and to expose  
Your fair wife to the tempest of temptation?  
And by the white unspotted Check of Truth,  
She is —

*Lor.* A woman.

*Phil.* A good woman.

*Lor.* Pish.

*Phil.* As far from your Distrust, as bad ones are from Truth:  
She is in love with Vertue, would not boast it,  
But that her whole Life is a well-wit story,  
Where each word stands so well plac'd, that it passes  
Inquisitive Detraction, to correct  
She's modest, but not sullen; and loves silence,  
Not that she wants apt words, (for when she speaks,

*Exit.*

*A 2*

*She*

*The City-Night-Cap.*

She enflames Love with wonder) but because  
She calls wise silence the souls harmony.  
She's a rule chaste, yet such a fire to counsel,  
The power call her covetous; and which is more than  
(Though rare and young) she dares to expose her self  
To the opinion of strange eyes: she either seldom  
Or never walks abroad but in your company,  
And then with such sweet boldness, and  
She were venturing on crack'd ice; and takes delight  
To step into the print your foot hath made,  
And will follow you whole fields: so she will drive  
Tedioufness out of Time, with her sweet Character:  
And therefore, good my friend, forbear to try  
The Gold has pass'd the fire.

*Lor.* Thou foolish friend,  
Beauty, like the Herb *Loris*, is as the water,  
But not the flower: women are such sweet flowers, but cunning

*Phil.* Thou wonderful yellow friend,  
Temper an Antidote with Antimony,  
And tis infectious: mix Jealousie with Marriage,  
It poisons Vertue: let the child feel the sting.  
He'll fly the Honey-comb: Has she one poison so potent to kill  
That can expose you to distrust?

*Lor.* Oh! when the Elder-leaf looses most green,  
The sap is then most bitter: an approv'd appearance  
Is no authentick instance; the dear is lip-boly,  
Is many times heart-hollow.

*Enter* *Albano*

A Prayer-book in her hand! Oh Hypocrite!  
How fell'st thou first in love with woman? wilt try again  
But this one time?

*Phil.* Condition'd you will stand  
Ear-witness to our conference, that you may take  
In at your ear, a Vertue that will reach  
Your erring soul to wonder.

*Lor.* He would wital me,  
With a consent to my own Horns: I will;  
I'll give thee a new occasion; There lurks in woman's blood  
A vindicating spirit.

*Alb.* I came, Sir, to give you notice,  
Count *Lodovico*, *Strambo*, *Spinola*, and *Pemberton*, with the rest  
Of the Consultatory, certify  
They are setting forth to meet the Duke your Kinsman  
Returning from *Pavia*.

*Lor.* O!s, there he has seen the Duke your Brother.

*Alb.*



*Ass.* Yes, Sir, and they say but for your company.

*Le.* And you're clog'd with it. *Phil.* And yet I love the wear.

*Phil.* And will you still be nice thus? *On Madam.*

I do confess, twice I have better'd it  
The Fort I fain would vanquish, and I know  
Ye hold out more 'cause ye would seem a Soldier;  
Then in hate to the Assault: I am again  
Inflam'd with those sweet fountains from whence flow  
Such a pair of streams: Oh strong force of desire!  
The quality should quench, hath set on fire:  
I love you in your sorrows.

*Ass.* And I sorrow in nothing but your love; twice, *Phil.*  
Have I not beat back the impetuous flame  
Of thy incessant rudeness; wilt thou again  
Darken fair Honour with Dishonour?  
Thou know'st my Lord hath long and truly lov'd thee.  
In the wisdom of a Friend, in a fair Cause;  
He wears his good sword for thee, lays his heart  
A lodger in thy bosom, proclaims thee Partner  
In all he hath, but me; Oh be not uncharitable:  
We all conclude, a Diamond with Clouds  
The Goldsmith casts into his dust; and a Gentleman  
So blemish'd in his Honour, blots his Name  
Out of the Herald's Book, stands a lost man  
In Goodness and Opinion: Oh *Phil.*  
Make me once more to happy to believe  
'Tis but a pointed passion.

*Le.* Most acute Witch!

*Phil.* Come, learn of your City-Wagtail, with one eye  
Violently love your Husband, and with other  
Wink at your Friend.

*Le.* I will not trust you, Brother.

*Phil.* He seeks, will ye not have him find? cries ye out,  
In his mad fits, a Strumpet, rails at all women,  
Upon no cause, but because you are one:  
He gives wound upon wound, and then pours Vinegar  
Into your bleeding Reputation,  
Poison'd with blinder Calumny: Fox on him;  
Else a reciprocal reward upon him;  
Let Baller-mongers crown him with their scorns:  
VVho says the *White Head*, will deserve the *Black*.  
Demur not on't, how else shall we.

*Ass.* You are, Sir, full like the Indian Hylo, plain'd of Stran-  
For the sweet scent; but hated of the inhabitants.  
For the injurious quality: Can he love the VVife,  
That would betray the Husband? Hast thou not seen me

Dear

Bear all his injuries, as the Ocean bears  
The angry Bark to plough the sea's bottom;  
And yet is presently to iniooth, the eye  
Cannot perceive where the wide wound was made;  
And cannot this inform, I love him better  
In his foul Follicles, than you, in your sweet Flatteries;  
If *Vassas* hath observed any Errors in me,  
I will may call for grace to amend them;  
But will never fall from grace to offend you.

*Phil.* VVish what a Marvellous good woman *Thunders*!  
*Ler.* Has given her some close nod that I am here.

*Phil.* Rip up the end of thy intent, and see  
How shame and fear do lurk where you would walk;  
Like a pair of Serpents in a flow'ry Mead;  
Lust fees with pleasure, but with fear doth tread.

*Phil.* Very brave woman!  
*Phil.* VVhat is the pleasure thou pursuest?

*Phil.* Finish'd with infinite sorrows; read and find  
How barbarous Nations punish it with death;  
How a minutes sin is stolen, though in the Face;  
Sit summer calms, all smooth, yet thou wilt hear  
From the Eternal Alarm of thy Conscience;  
How it sets within thy soul continual tempests,  
Thunder and dismal blackness; mark but the course  
Of the holy-seeming hollow-man, and see  
How he that glories Heaven with no Honour,  
Covets to glorify himself with Honesty.

And to put you past your hopes, let me leave this with you;  
Thou mayst hold an Elephant with a thread, cut sue  
And not be burnt; or catch birds with Venice;  
Quench Flame with Oyl, cut Diamonds with Glass,  
Pierce Steel with Feathers; this thou mayst bring to pass,  
Sooner then hope to steal that Husband; Right,  
Whose Wife seems honest, and no Hypocrite.

*Phil.* What think you now?  
*Ler.* Why now I do think it possible for the world

To have an honest woman in't. Good-buy, Sir;  
I must go meet the Duke; adieu. *Phil.* Farewell;  
Oh Jealousie! how near thou dwellest to Hell!

*Enter Lodovico, Pandulpho, Spanio, Jofrey,*  
*and Jovani, and Cleon.*

*Ler.* The Duke our Green-leaved son; my horse, Rogues;  
*Phil.* Our negligence deserves just blame; and how  
Twill please his Grace to consider it, we know not.  
*Jof.* But where's your fair chaste wife, my Lord?

*Lod.*

*Lad.* Marry, with my man *Francisco*; Oh that fellow! She were undone without him: for indeed She takes great pleasure in him; he leans her Musick: To hear what counsel she will give him; if he but crown his look sometimes, with the pin, she will tell him straight, 'Twas an unchristian look: I love him dearly.

*Spi.* But can your Honour never woo your Lady To a more sociable affability?

She will not kiss, nor drink, nor talk, but against new falshood.

*Lad.* Oh, Sir, she is my Crown: nor is it requisite Women should be so sociable; I have had such a coil with her, to bring her but to look out at window; when we were first married, she would not drink a cup of wine, unless nine parts of it were water.

*Oms.* Admired Temperance!

*Lad.* Nay, and ye knew all, my Lords, ye would say to me to-morrow day I brought an English Gentleman home with me, to try a Horse I should sell him; he (as ye know their custom, though it be none of ours) makes at her lips the first dath.

*Clown.* He dath'd her out of countenance, I'm sure of that.

*Lad.* She did so pow'r and spit, that my hot-brain'd Gallant could not forbear, but ask the cause: quoth he,

*Clown.* No, Sir, the spit again, before quoth for self her lips.

*Lad.* I think she did indeed: but then quoth he, A kiss, Sir; is fimsy earnest penny; it's not true, I am sure.

*Clown.* Very true, Sir; by the same token, Quoth he to her again, If you dislike the penny, Lady, pray let me change it into English half-pence; and so gave her one for't.

*Lad.* But how she vex't them! then she railed him, and told him roundly, Though confidence made Cuckolds in England, she could no Coxcombs in Italy.

*Clown.* But did ye mark how bitterly he clos'd it, with a midling Jest?

*Lad.* What was that, I pray thee?

*Clown.* Why quoth he to her again, Confidence makes not so many Cuckolds in England, but Craft picks open more Padlocks in Italy.

*Jov.* That was something sharp. — But here she comes.

*Enter Desobeda and Francisco.*

*Lad.* Ye shall see how I'll put ye all upon her presently.

*Clown.* Then I shall take my turn.

*Des.* *Francis.* *Madam.*

*Des.* Have you chang'd the Dirty you had for?

*Franc.* I have, Madam.

*Des.* The Conceit may stand, but I hope you have cloath'd the method in a more Christian-like apparel.

*Fine.*

Frax. I have, Lady.

Dor. Pray let me hear it now.

Frax. She that in these days looks for Truth,

Seldom or never finds it, in faith.

Dor. That's wondrous well.

Clara. Yes in sadness.

Lad. Peace, sirrah; may, she's built of modesty.

Frax. Even as a wicked Kist desires the Lips,

So do new suitors her that through them trip.

Dor. Very modest language.

Frax. She that does please us, let for what 'twould bring her,

Will place a Kiss, although she prick her finger.

Dor. Put in her her finger, good Fraxie; the phrase will be more decent.

Paul. You're a wondrous happy man in one so virtuous.

Lad. Nay, ye shall have no Countess's of me, I warrant

ye. Clara. No no Countess's, Lady of your wife, I warrant

ye. Lad. Sweet Chick, I come to take leave of thee: finger in my

VV'e are all to meet the Duke this afternoon, Bird, (already I

VVho is now come from Venice: thou mayst walk and see

The Countess's Lady.

Dor. 'Las, she's too merry for my company.

Jeff. Too merry! I have seen her sad,

But very seldom merry.

Dor. I mean, my Lord,

That she can walk, tell Tales, run in the Garden.

Clara. VVhy then your Ladship may hold your tongue, say nothing, and walk in the Orchard.

Dor. She can drink a cup of wine nor delay it with water.

Clara. VVhy then you may drink a cup of water without wine.

Dor. Nay, if a Noble man come to see her Lord,

She will let him kiss her too, against our custom.

Paul. VVhy a modest woman may be kiss'd by accident,

Yet not give the least touch to her Reputation.

Lad. VVell said, touch her home.

Dor. Nay, but they may not: she that will kiss, they say,

VVill do worse, I warrant her.

Jeff. VVhy I have seen you, Madam, kiss against your will.

Dor. Against my will it may be I have been kiss'd indeed.

Clara. Pshaw, there's nothing against a woman's will: and I dare be sworn, if my Lady kiss but any one man, 'tis because she cannot do with all.

Lad. Nay, I know that to be true, my Lords, and at this time, Because ye cannot do with all, pray kiss them in order.

Kiss

Kiss her all over, gentlemen, and we are gone.

Der. Nay good my Lord, 'tis against our Nations custom.

Lad. I care not; let naturals love Nations;  
My humour's my humour.

Spis. I must have my turn too then.

Jov. It must go round.

Der. Fic, fir.

Lad. Look how she spits now.

Jasp. The deeper the sweeter, Lady.

Clown. The neeter the bone, the sweeter the flesh, Lady.

Der. How now, sauce-box!

Clown. Did not my Lord bid the gentlemen kiss you all over?  
Lad. I have sweet cause to be jealous, have I not, gentlemen?  
no; *Credo quod habet, & habet* still; he that believes he has horns,  
has them. Will you go bring my horse, fir?

Clown. I will bring your horse, fir; and your horse shall  
bring his tail with him.

Lad. Francis, I prike thee stay thou at home with thy Lady; get  
thy instrument ready; this melancholy will spoil her: before  
these Lords here, make her but laugh, when we are gone.

Franc. Laugh before these Lords when they are gone, fir!

Lad. Pish, I mean, make her laugh heartily before we come  
home; and before these Lords, I promise thee a lease of forty  
Crowns per annum.

Franc. Can ye tell whether she be ticklish, fir?

Lad. Oh, infinitely ticklish!

Franc. I'll deserve your lease, then, ere you come home, I  
warrant.

Lad. And thou shalt have yfaith boy.

Enter Clown.

Clown. Your horse is ready, fir.

Lad. My Lords, I think we have staid with the longest; fare-  
wel Dill: *Credo quod habet, & habet*, gallants.

Franc. Our horses shall fetch it up again: farewell sweet Lady.  
Jasp. Adieu sweet Mistress; and whensoever I marry, fortune  
turn up to me no worse Card than you are.

Clown. And whensoever I marry, Francis send me a Card may  
save fortune the labour, and turn up her self.

Der. How now? why loyter you behind? why ride not you a-  
long with your Lord?

Franc. To lie with your Ladship.

Der. How?

Franc. In the bed, upon the bed, or under the bed.

Der. Why, how now Francis?

Franc. This is the plain truth on't, I would lie with ye.

*The City-Night-Gown.*

*Der. Why Francis.*

*Fras. I know too that you will lie with me.*

*Der. Nay but Francis.*

*Fras. Plague of Francis: I am neither Frank nor Francis.*

But a Gentleman of Milaine, that even there

Heard of your Beauty, which Report there guarded

With such a Chastity, the glittering A sia

Held no Artillery of power to shake it.

Upon which, I resolv'd to try conclusions:

Assum'd this name and fortune, sought his service:

And I will tell ye truly what I gush you.

*Der. You will not ravish me, Francis.*

*Fras. No; but unravel ye in two lines Experience will liberly:*

*Extremes in Virtue, are but Clouds to Vice:*

*She'll do E're Dark, who's E're Day too nice.*

*Der. Indeed ye do not well to bely me thus.*

*Fras. Come, I'll lie with thee, Wench, and make all well again; though your confident Lord makes use of *Credo quod habes & habes*, and holds it impossible for any to be a Cuckold, can believe himself none: I would have his Lady have more wit, and clap them on.*

*Der. And truly Francis, some women now would do.*

*Fras. Who can you chuse more convenient to practise with, then me, whom he doats on? where shall a man finde a friend but at home? so you break one Proverbiall piece, and give the other a plaister: it's a match, wench?*

*Der. VVell, forence it is: But and ye do any more, indeed I'll tell my Husband.*

*Fras. But when shall this once be? now?*

*Der. Now? no indeed, Francis.*

It shall be soon at night, when your Lord's come home.

*Fras. Then? how's it possible?*

*Der. Possible? women can make any of these things possible.*

*Francis: now many cruelties may cross us; but soon at night my Lord, I'm sure, will be so sleepy, what with his journey, and deep headis for the Duke's return, that before he goes to bed (as he uses still, when he has been hard a drinking) he will sleep upon the bed in's cloaths so sound, he'll not wake him, rung in the chamber.*

*Fras. The Cuckold slumbers: though his Wif's his him's self Forehead with her Heel, he dreams of no such matter.*

*Der. Now Pando, that makes him merry in his Chamber, shall, when the candle's out, and he asleep, bring you into the Chamber.*

*Fras. But will he be secret?*

*Der.*



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*Des.* VVill he good food ! I am not to try him now.

*Franc.* 'Sfoot this is brave,

My kind Lords fool, is my cunning Ladies knave :

But pray how then ?

*Des.* VVhen you are in at door on right before you, you shall feel the bed ; give me but fairly a touch, I'll rise, and follow you into the next chamber : but truly and you do not use me kindly, I shall cry out, and spoil all.

*Franc.* Use you kindly ! was Lady ere us'd cruelly ? *Des.* do you but prepare *Franc.* and your maid, let me alone with her Mistress : about 11. I desire to be expedit.

*Des.* And till the clock strike 11, I'll lie awake.

*Franc.* Now ye dare kiss.

*Des.* Once with my friend, or so : yet you may take two, *Franc.*

*Franc.* My cast is Amy-Ace then.

*Des.* Deuce-Ace had got the game.

*Franc.* VVhy then you're welcome. Adieu my dainty Mistress.

*Des.* Farwel kind Francis.

*Enter Lorenzo, in from boyle.*

*Lor.* I have given them all the slip, the Duke and all. And am at home before them ! I cannot tell, *Philippe* and my wife run in my mind so : I know no cause why I should trust him more. Then all the world beside : I remember He told her that I bought the Bucks Head, therefore Deserv'd the horns ; although I bid him try her. Yet I did not bid him bid her with one eye. Love me, and with the other wink as a friend. How we long to grow familiar with affliction ! And as many words do aptly hold concordance. To make one sentence, just so many causes. Seem to agree, when conceit makes us Cuckolds.

*Enter Philippe, and Amy-Ace.*

And these words proceed from his hand in hand. Now their wives meet, that prove better than words.

*Phil.* By your white hand I swear that will.

*Lor.* Poison of Toads betwixt ye.

*Amy.* Philippe, you have fully satisfied me.

*Lor.* I satiate where I could not I satiate ye.

I shall commit a murder, if I stay :

I'll go forge Thunder for ye. Oh let me

Never more marry ! What plague can transform

A whorish wife, and a pernicious friend !

B 2

*Phil.*

*The City-Night-Cap.*

*Phil.* By the gentleman's faith, then, of a gentleman;  
And by your potent goodness, a great oath;  
(For you are greatly good) by truth it self,  
(For still I swear by you) what again hath pass,  
Was at the first, but trial of her chastity  
Far above time or fortune: as I speak truth,  
So may I prosper.

*Abd.* And came these trials from your breast only?

*Phil.* Only from my breast; and by the sweet  
Excellent blith of virtue, there is in you  
Plenty of truth and goodness.

*Abd.* You have nobly  
Appear'd the storm & crook you; and you are  
Again a good man.

*Enter Lorenzo, Pandulpho, Spinasse,*

*Jaffro, Jemini.*

*Lor.* Trayor to truth and friendship!  
Did not mine honour hold me: I should rip out  
That blushing hypocrite, thy heart, that hath broke  
So strong a tie of faith; but should  
How much of man is in me! there I cast them  
From this believing heart, to the iron hand  
Of law, the wrong'd man's faith.

*Phil.* What means this?

*Pand.* My Lord, here's warrant for what's done immediate from  
The Duke, by force of which you're early this morning  
Before his Grace, to answer to such injuries.  
The Count *Lorenzo* shall alledge against you.

*Phil.* Injuries! Why friend, what injuries?

*Lor.* Can ye spell *Sinag*, sir? 'tis four letters with two hocs.  
Good gentlemen convey him from my furie,  
For fear of greater mischief.

*Phil.* Thou yellow fool.

*Abd.* I would you would instruct me, noble sir,  
But how to understand all this.

*Lor.* Do ye for her! look on her all and wonder: did ye ever  
see so foul guilt thus underneath a look so innocent?

*Jem.* I should have pierc'd my blood upon her honour, were  
*Pan.* Colours not in grain.

Makes as fair shew, but are more apt to stain.

*Abd.* My Lord,

*Lor.* Ye Whore.

*Jaff.* Look to the Lady.

*Lor.* Look to her! hang her: let me lend her now  
To the devil, with all her sin upon her head.

*Spin.*

*Spia.* Bear her in gently, and see her guarded.

*Fra.* You are too violent, my Lord.

*Lor.* That men should ever marry! that we should lay our heads, and take our horns up out of woman's laps.

*Jew.* Be patient, good sir.

*Lor.* Yes, and go make potguns.

*Jesp.* 'Tis late, and sleep would do you good, my Lord.

*Lor.* Sleep! why do you think I am mad, sir?

*Jesp.* Not I, my Lord.

*Lor.* Then you do lye, my Lord,

For I am mad, horn-mad: I shall be acted

In our Theaters of *Pereas*. Oh what poison's

Like a false friend? and what plague more ruinous

Then a lascivious wife? they steal our joys,

And fill us with afflictions: they leave our names

Hedge'd in with calumny: in their false hearts

Crocodile blood, who make grief their disguise,

And in betraying teares, still through their eyes.

Oh! he that can believe he sleeps secure

In a false friend's oath, or in a bad wife's arms,

Trusts *Circus* witchcraft, and *Calisto's* charms.

*Omes.* 'Tis late, let's to the Court.

*Exeunt Omes.*

*Finis Actus Primi.*

*Actus Secundus.*

*A bed thrust out: Lodovico sleeping in his chamber: Dorabella in bed: Enter Clown leading in Francisco.*

*Fra.* **S**oftly sweet *Ponds*: are we in the Chamber yet?

*clow.* Within a yard of my Lady, and ye can be

*Fra.* Art sure my Lord's asleep?

(*quiet.*)

*clow.* I know not, I'll go and ask him.

*Fra.* No, no, no, do not wake him: we are undone then man.

*clow.* Ha, ha, ha, now do I see, cuckold-making is as ticklish a profession as Cuppy-catching: my Lord was so paid with healths at court, he's fast enough.

*Fra.*

*Fran.* But still I pursue wonder, why my Lady should prescribe this strange, nay wonderful desperate way to her desire.

*Clown.* Is that a question to ask now? would you would grasp out the bed; for I sleep in my talk, I am sure of that.

*Lodovico caught.*

*Fran.* VVe are lost for ever: did he not cough?

*Clown.* 'Tis nothing, but the last cup comes up in shew'd-broath: if ever you make true whore-master, I'll be bound to resign my place up to my Lords page: bea-sick before you come to th' salt-water; let the go in your head.

*Fran.* No, I'll venture blood a gulph between belching up of A Tempest. Oh valiant lust!

How resolute thou go'st to acts unjust!

*Pamph.* good night.

Desire drowns fear, in presuppos'd delights.

*Clown.* Turn of your left hand, 'twill lead you to the devil, to my Lady, I should say, presently.

*Fran.* Let me four steps on the left hand: I have the bed, and on this side she lies: 'Sfoot, there's a beard; but all's well yet, she lies on this side sure:

I have her, 'tis her hand, I know the couch:

It melts me into passion; I have much ado

To contain my wild desires: as the wind strains

In Cavern lock'd; so through my tag-rivall'd veynes,

My blood cuts capers.

*Dev.* Who's there?

*Fran.* 'Tis I.

*Dev.* Francis!

*Fran.* Fortunate Francis, that was wrapt in's mothers smock.

*Dev.* Give me your hand Francis.

*Fran.* There 'tis: I touch already.

*Dev.* My Lord, Count Lodovico, awake.

*Fran.* I am lost for ever, Madam.

*Dev.* My Lord, my Lord!

*Fran.* If I pull too hard, I shall pull her out o' th' bed too.

*Dev.* My Lord, will ye not wake?

*Lod.* What's the matter? what's the matter?

*Fran.* How I do dwindle!

*Dev.* Pray hear me fr, I cannot sleep till you Have resolv'd me one thing.

*Lod.* VVhat is't, sweet-heart?

*Dev.* O'fall your men, which do you love best?

*Lod.* That's a strange question to ask at mid-night, Francis.

*Dev.* And that same false Francis in your absence Most leudly tempt me to wrong your bed.

*Fran.*

*Fras.* VVas ever woodcock catch'd thus?

*Lad.* Oh rogue, I'll go cut's throat sleeping.

*Der.* Nay I have fix'd him most daintily.

*Fras.* Now, now, now, now, I am pleas'd.

*Der.* I seem'd sweet-heart to consent to him.

*Fras.* A plague of scummings; I wote best confest, and beg pardon.

*Der.* And to make him lure for your revenge, I appointed About this hour, the door left open on purpose.

*Fras.* Ah!

*Der.* To meet me in the garden.

*Fras.* All's well again.

*Der.* Now sweet-heart,

If thou would'st but steal down thither, thou might'st catch him; and snap the fool very finely.

*Lad.* Oh my sweet birds-me! what a wench have I of thee? *Crede quod habes, & habes* still; and I had thought it possible to have been cuckolded, I had been cuckolded: I'll take my rapier as I go, slash; and the night being dark, I'll speak like thee, as if thou hadst kept thy word. Oh Villian! nothing vexes me, but that he should think I can be a cuckold, and have such a Lady: do thou lie still, and I'll bring thee his heart for thy Munkies break-fast.

*Der.* And would you part unkindly, and not kiss me?

*Lad.* I have no more manners then a goose; farewell.

*My chafte delicious Doll: what may his life*

*Be compar'd to, that meets with such a wife?*

*Exit.*

*Enter Clown.*

*Fras.* Pish Pams.

*Clown.* Here boy.

*Fras.* Go meet him in the garden, and hark.

*Clown.* Excellent! I'll play my Lady, I warrant ye.

*Fras.* Do'r daintily.

*Clown.* VVell I may hope for a Squires place, my father was a Coffer-monger.

*Exit.*

*Fras.* VVell now I see, as he who fain would know

The real strain of goodness, may in her read it;

VVho can seem chaste, and can be what she seems:

So, who would see hells craft, in her may read it,

Who can seem too, but not be what she seems:

In brief, put him to school (would cheat the devil of his right)

To a dainty smooth-fac'd female hypocrite.

*Exit.*

*Enter*

## The City-Night-Cap.

Enter Lodovico and Clown.

Lod. Here's a wife, Pando!

Clown. Now, *Credo quod habet, & habet, &c.*

Lod. Why right men: let him believe he has horns, and he has 'em.

Clown. To discover upon the pinch to ye!

Lod. Oh! you kind loving husband's like my self,  
What fortunes meet ye full but with such wives!

Clown. Fortune's i'th' fashion of hay-forks.

Lod. Sirra Pando, thou shalt seldom see a harsh fellow have  
such a wife, such a fortunate wedding.

Clown. He will go to hanging as soon.

Lod. No, no, we loving souls have all the fortunes;  
There's Count Lorenzo for example now.

There's a sweet coyle to-morrow about his wife:

He has two servants, that will take their oaths

They saw her dishonest with his friend Count Philippe,

Nay in the very act: now what was't brought her to't, but his  
dogged usage of her?

Clown. Nay she never liv'd a good day with him.

Lod. How she goes flaunting root she must have a feather in  
her head, and a corker in her heel.Clown. I that shows her light from head to heel, sir; and  
who have heavier heads, then they whose wives have light heels;  
that feather confounds her.Lod. I shall so laugh to hear the Comical History of the great  
Count Lorenzo's horns; but as I have such a wife now, what  
a villain did I entertain to teach her musick? 'has done her no  
good since he came, that I saw.Clown. Hang him, 'has made her a little perfect in prick-song,  
that's all; and it may be she had skill in that, before you married  
her too.

Lod. She could sing at the first sight, by this hand, Pando.

But hark, I hear some-body.

Enter Francisco.

Clown. 'Tis he sure, 'has a dreaming whore-masters part; pray  
let me practise my Ladies part, and counterfeit for her.

Lod. Canst thou imitate to th' life?

Clown. Can I? Oh wicked Francis!

Lod. Admirable! thou shalt do't.

Clown. Pray be you ready with your rapier to spie him then,  
and I'll watch him a good turn, I warrant ye.Franc. Here they are. If Pando now comes off with his part  
neatly, the Comedy passes bravely: Who's there?—Madam?

Clown.



*Clown. Francis?*

*Franc. The same.*

*Clown. I think this place lies too open to the air, Francis?*

*Lad. Delicate Pando.*

*Clown. And truly there's a great dew fallen to night.*

*The graft is wondrous wet.*

*Lad. Sweetrogue!*

*Clown. Come Francis,*

*And let us sport our selves in yonder rushes;*

*And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.*

*Lad. Oh villain!*

*Franc. Hear me, Lady,*

*It is enough my Lord hath now a friend,*

*In these dishonest days, that dares be honest.*

*Lad. How is this?*

*Clown. Nay for thy Lord, he's a most contrary, Francis.*

*Lad. Out rogue!*

*Franc. 'Tis but your bad desires that tell you so:*

*Can I contain a heart, or can that heart*

*Harbour a thought of injury 'gainst him,*

*Under whose wing I safely stretch my person?*

*Has he not nobly entertain'd me? stand I not*

*Next neighbour to your self, unto his heart?*

*Lad. I by this hand dost thou.*

*Franc. And should I quit him thus? no, Lady, no.*

*Lad. Brave Francis!*

*Franc. I am too wise to fall in love with you,*

*Much less with woman: I but took advantage*

*Of my Lord's absence, for your trial Lady,*

*For fear some fellow (far hotter rein'd than I)*

*Might have fought, and sped; and I would be loath*

*A Lord so loving.*

*Lad. Shalt have five leaves by these leaves.*

*Franc. Should have a Lady false.*

*Back Lady, to your yet unblemish'd bed;*

*Preserve your honour, and your Lord's Calves head.*

*Clown. Well Francis, you had been better: if I do not tell my Lord of this!*

*Lad. He has put him to't now.*

*Franc. Then I am lost for ever,*

*You'll turn it all on me, I know; but ere*

*I'll live so wrong to good a Lord, or stand*

*The mark unto your malice, I will first*

*Fall on my sword and perish.*

*Lad. Hold, hold, hold man.*

*Franc. Ha, who are you?*

C

Lad.

*The City-Night-Cap.*

*Lad.* One that has more humanity in him, than to see a poorer fellow cast himself away, I warrant thee: 'tis I, 'tis I mean, I have heard all.

*Clews.* And 'twas I play'd my Lady, to have [saw'd] ye.

*Fras.* Has she been then so good to tell your honour?

Now am I woe afflicted then before,

That she should thus out-run me, in this race of honesty.

*Lad.* Nay sh'as bob'd thee bravely; sh'as a thousand of these tricks, yfaith man; but how'st thou, what I have found thee, I have found thee: back in mine ear, sh'as have five ladies, and mine own Nag, when sh'as a mind to ride.

*Fras.* Let me deserve, sir, first.

*Lad.* Shalt have them: know what I do, I warrant thee.

*Fras.* I lay in such a Lady.

*Lad.* May there's a couple of you, for a wife and a friend; sh'as be no more my servant: I had thought to have made thee my Steward, but thou art too honest for the place, that's the truth on't.

*Clews.* His superfluity is my necessity; pray let me have his. *Lad.* I will talk with thee to-morrow. *Fras.* thou shalt have something too; but I'll be best chequer'd from the dearest must part, I see; I will to him the next cald that thinks every hour ten, till I come wonder: good night *Fras.* to bed *Pam.* What delight in life.

Can equal such a friend and such a wife?  
So my dainty Doll, I come to thee.

*Clews.* So a City-Night-Cap go with thee. *But shall I not be thought on, for my nights service?*

*Fras.* Oh look ye, pray forget not ye had something.

*Clews.* Well, and pray do you remember I had nothing.

*Fras.* Nothing? what's that?

*Clews.* Nothing before I had something, I mean; so you are well return'd from mine.

*Fras.* You're very capable of good morning.

*A Bar set out. Enter the Duke of Verona, Pandolph, Spinosa, Fabris, Titani, Lorenzo, Philopha, Abtemis, a Guard, and two Slaves.*

*Vers.* Call the accus'd to'th Bar.

*Phil.* We appear.

With acknowledg'd reverence to the presence.

*Vers.* We meet not

To build on circumstances, but to come plainly

To the business that here plac'd us: *Cortex Lorenzo,*

You have fier leave to speak your griefs; but this

Desire.

Before the Senate to observe, and testify:  
I come here not your kinship, neither,  
Looking unto the greatness of your blood,  
As you are sister to the Duke of Ferrara,  
But as an equal Judge, I come to doom,  
As circumstances and proof imports.

Let. Thus then,

(Great Sir, grave Lords, and Honourable Auditors,  
Of my dishonour) I affirm 'tis heaven  
Toth'ignorie of *Ferrara*, the whole City,  
Nay the great multitude without, that come  
This day to hear unwilling truth, can witness  
How since my marriage with that woman (were it true)  
Oh truth, who would not look thee in a woman's tears,  
But showers that fall too late, produce dead years,  
All know that since our marriage, I have performed  
So fairly all judicial offices, that  
That malice knew not how to my whole actions  
To make one blow: and to strike home, I did rather  
Honour her as a saint, for then respect her  
As she was my wife: on pilgrimage I sent  
All my endeavours to the fair *Spanish* throne,  
Other desires, where they did offer daily  
A plenary satisfaction, which the second  
Reciprocally to return, pay'd back  
As much obedience as I lent of love:  
But then the serpent stings, when like a dove,  
Opinion feathers him: women's sweet words  
As far as from their hearer (though from their breath  
They lie) as *Lapwings* cries are from their nests.

Per. Oh you inveigh!

Let. I would appear no farther.

And for this man (how fair I would call him friend!)  
I appeal to the whole state, if at the *Senate*  
Between *Regina* Gallies and your Grace,  
Wherein you pleas'd to send me General there,  
That he deserv'd (let me not take from him  
His merits meet confession) but I was there  
The man (the erring man) that crown'd his merit  
With approbation and reward: brought him home,  
Prefer'd him to those graces you heap'd on him:  
Wove him a neighbourhood to my heart, as *Isabella*  
Wear Jewels, left by their dead friends:  
Into my heart, and double-bard him there  
With reason and opinion: his extenuations  
Fash'd me more unto him, whilst like an arch

Well built, by how much the more weight I have,  
I stand the stronger under him; To love him, as I have done,  
That in his absence still will make me become  
A sanctuary to his importunate.

*Ver.* And what from hence follow you?

*Lev.* That 'twas base,  
Base in the depth of baseness, for this wife  
So honour'd, and this smooth friend so belov'd,  
To conspire betwixt them my dishonour.

*Ver.* How?

*Lev.* To stain my sheets with lust, & prostitute  
To brand perpetually these faces, & husbands,  
A wives, and friends.

*Ver.* Oh good my Lord,  
Cast out this devil from you.

*Lev.* Oh good my Lady,  
Keep not the devil within you, but confess.

*Phil.* Hear me, great Sir, I will confess, *Lev.*  
And print thee down the fool of passion.

*Ver.* Speak, Sir.

*Phil.* 'Tis true, this bearding man did thus create me  
In his opinion, plac'd me in his love.

Grac'd me with courtship: Oh the craft of jealousy  
As boys to take the bird about the pie.

Cast wheat and chaff, contriving a new train  
To intice her to her ruin: so this fellow

Falsely then City-oaths, it is not doubted,  
Having so far indear'd me, when he came

To enjoy a fair wife, guess it impossible  
For me to share with him in all things else.

And not in her; for fair wives oft we see  
Strike discord in sweet friendships harmony.

And having no way to insnare me so,  
To separate our loves, he seriously

Woo'd me to try his wife.

*Lev.* 'Tis false.

*Phil.* 'Tis true.

By all that honest men may be believed by  
Three several witnesses, I try'd her, by him urg'd to try.

Yet still my truth not flatter'd, kept so constant,  
That till this hour this Lady thus much knew not.

I bore her brave reproaches: Oh when she spake,  
The saints sure listen'd, and at every point

She got the praise of Angels; now upon this,  
This jealous Lord infers (and it may be but

To thum futurity) that I

His

(His berry'd friend) could not hold the cup, and all for this.  
But I must drink the poison: no, Ler. no.  
An honest man is still an unmov'd rock.  
Wash'd whiter, but not shaken with the shock.  
Whose heart conceives no smaller device.  
Fearless he plays with flames, and stands on ice.  
Perr. Cosen, did you, as your friend here affirms,  
Counsel him to this crys?

Ler. I.

Phil. You did.

Ler. Philippe, thou art fallen from a good man, and hast  
And hast ta'en leave of modestie: he trusts my servants  
(That incredulity should be induction  
To my more certain shame) let these speak  
And relate what they saw: they grow so publicly  
My servants could discover them.

Perr. Speak, friends, be fearless,  
And what you know, even to a syllable,  
Boldly confess.

1 Slave. Then know, great sir, as soon  
As ere my Lord was gone to meet your Grace,  
Signor Philippe and my Lady privately  
Went up to her best chamber: we two suspecting  
What afterwards we found, stole softly up,  
And through the key-hole (for the door was lock'd)  
We saw my Lady and Count Philippe there  
Upon the bed, and in the very act,  
As my Lord before affirm'd.

Phil. Canst thou hear, heaven,  
And withhold thy thunder?

Phil. My Lords one devil, ye know,  
May possess three bodies.

Perr. Will you swear this, sir?

1 Slave. I will, my Lord.

Phil. And you?

2 Slave. I will, and dare, sir.

Ler. Brave rascals!

Perr. Reach them the book.

Phil. Ye poor deluded men, Oh do not swear!

Ler. Think of the chain of pearl.

1 Slave. Give us the book.

Phil. That we affirm the truth, the whole truth,

And nothing but the truth, we swear.

Perr. Believe me, I am sorry for the Lady.

Phil. How soon

Two souls more precious than a pair of worlds

Are levell'd below hatch?

*Abf.* Oh hark! did you not hear it?

*Uma.* VVhat, Lady?

*Abf.* This house's walls of glorious Towers are fallen.

Two goodly buildings down with breath

Beneath the grave: you all have seen this day,

A pair of souls hush'd and all away.

*Spin.* VVhat censure gives your Grace?

*Peru.* In that I am kinsman

To the accuser, that I might not appear

Partial in judgement, but I fear no wonder

If unto your gravest I leave

The following sentence: but do *Lorenzo* stand!

A kinsman to *Peru*, do forget not

*Ablemia* still is sister unto *Peru*.

*Phil.* Misery of goodness!

*Abf.* Oh! *Lorenzo* *Medley*

*Ablemia*'s lover once, when he did you

And when I did believe; when when *Ablemia*

Deny'd so many Princes for *Lorenzo*,

Then when you swore, Oh wretch! how men can weep!

Praise protestations on their breasts, and sigh

And look so truly, and then weep again,

And then peered again, and sigh'd again,

VVhen once *Peru*, like *Peru*, like *Peru* grow pale,

And find our comforts like their wretched fall.

*Phil.* Oh *Lorenzo*!

Look upon tears, each one of which well valued,

Is worth the pity of a King; but thou

Art harder far then Rocks, and canst not weep

The precious waters of truth in *Peru*'s eyes.

*Lor.* Please your Grace proceed to censure.

*Peru.* Thus 'tis decreed, as these Lords have set down

Against all contradiction: Signor *Philipp*,

In that you have thus grossly, sir, dishonour'd

Even our blood it self, in this rude *Peru*

Lights on our kinsman, his prerogative

Implies death on your trespass; but your death

Of more antiquity then is your trespass,

That death is blotted out, and in the plate

Banishment writ, perpetual banishment

(On pain of death (if you return) for ever)

From *Peru*, and her signories.

*Phil.* *Peru* is kind.

*Peru.* Unto you, Madam,

Thy



This censure is loved : Your high blood  
Takes off the danger of the law : nay from  
Even banishment it self : this Lord your husband  
Sues only for a legal fair divorce,  
Which we think good to grant, the Church allowing :  
And in that the *same*  
Chickly reflects on him, he hath free licence  
To marry when and whom he pleases.

*Alb.* I thank ye,

That you are favourable unto my Love,  
Whom yet I love and weep for.

*Phil.* Farewell *same*

This breath did never yet harbor a thought  
Of thee, but now was in it, honest man :  
There's all the words that thou art worth : of your Grace  
I humbly thus *will* leave : farewell my Lords,  
And lastly farewell, thou friend of many,  
Yet by far more unfortunate : look up  
And see a crown held for thee : win it, and die  
Lovers martyrs, the sad map of injury :  
And so remember, Sir, your injured Lady  
Has a brother yet to *live*.

*Alb.* Farewell *same*

VWhom my soul doth love : if you ere marry,  
May you meet a good wife, so good, that you  
May not suspect her, nor may she be worthy  
Of your suspicion : and if you hear hereafter  
That I am dead, enquire but my last words,  
And you shall know that in the last I lov'd you :  
And when you walk forth with your second choyce,  
Into the pleasant fields, and by chance talk of me,  
Imagine that you see me lean and pale,  
Strewing your paths with flowers : and when in bed  
You cast your arms about her happy side,  
Think you see me stand with a patient look,  
Crying, All hail, you lovers, live and prosper :  
But may she never live to pay my debts :

If but in thought she wrong you, may she die  
In the conception of the injury.  
Pray make me wealthy with one kill : farewell, Sir :  
Let it not grieve you when you shall remember  
That I was innocent : nor this forget,  
Though innocence here suffer, sigh and groan,  
She walks but throw thorns to find a thorn.

*Alb.*

*Exit.*

*VVho break up the Court, and Cosen learn this read;*  
*VVho flabs Truths beforen, makes an Angel bleed.*  
*Lad. The flout upon my breast, fir,* *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Secundus**Actus Tertius.*

*Enter Lodovico Jafro, Jovani*  
*and Clews.*

*Lar. D*id Chronicle ever match this couple, gentleness?  
*Jaf.* You make us wonder,  
 That both should seem to yield to the remission,  
 And both so meet in one resolved goodness,  
 Unknown to one another!

*Lad.* There lies the jest on't. Sirrah Pando, I do but think  
 and she had met him in the garden, how she would have satled  
 him.

*Clews.* And rustled him too, fir; the Cambrills would have  
 been better for it many a day after.

*Jov.* Such an honest minded servant, where shall one finde?

*Lad.* Servants; my sworn brother, man, he's too honest for  
 an office he'll never thrive in't: ye have few servants will deal  
 so mercifully with their Lords.

*Jaf.* A wife! why she's a false, one that ever bears  
 A good sound soul about her.

*Clews.* Yes, when she wears her new flowers.

*Jov.* Shall we see her, my Lord?

*Lad.* VVhere is she, Pando?

*Clews.* VValking a turn or two i'th' garden with Francis, fir:  
 I go call her.

*Lad.* No, no, no; let her alone, 'tis pity indeed to part them,  
 they are so well match'd: was he not reading to her?

*Clews.* No, fir, she was weeping to him: she heard this morn-  
 ing that her confessor father Jacono was dead.

*Jaf.* Father Jacono dead?

*Lad.* Why now shall not we have her eat one bit this five days.  
*Clews.*

*Clara.* She'll munch the wax in a corner, that's the Parliament.

*Lad.* Nay do but judge of all my Lords by one thing; where as most of our dames go to confession but once a month, some twice a quarter, and some but once a year, and that upon constraint too; she never misse twice a Week.

*Jag.* 'Tis wonderful.

*Jen.* 'Tis a sign she keeps all well at home: they are even With the whole world, that so keep touch with heaven.

*Lad.* Nay; I told ye, ye should finde no *Philips* of *Francisco*.

*Clara.* And I remember I told your honour, you should finde no *Alstonia* of my Lady.

*Lad.* Nor no *Lorraine* of my self; he was ever a melancholy stubborn fellow, he kept her in too much, and see what comes on't; I give my wife her will, and see what comes on't too.

*Clara.* Nay fir, there is two come on't, and a man could discover 'em.

*Lad.* Two what, I prethee?

*Clara.* It may be two babies, fir, for they come commonly with giving a woman her will.

*Lad.* I'd laugh at that, yfaith boys; but who has the now for her confessor?

*Clara.* She looks for one they call him father *Jossey*, fir, and he's with'd to her by *Madona Lassariga*.

*Enter Derribes, Francisco.*

*Lad.* There's another modest soul too, never without a holy man at her elbow: but here comes one out-weights them all: Why how now chick! weeping so fast? this is the fault of most of our Ladies, painting, weeping; for when shee I should say, spoils the ir faces.

*Fra.* Sweet Madam!

*Lad.* Look, look, look, loving soul, he weeps for company.

*Clara.* And I shall laugh our right by and by.

*Der.* Oh this good man!

*Lad.* Why bird?

*Jag.* Be patient, Lady.

*Der.* Would he go to heaven without his zealous pupil?

*Clara.* It may be he knew not your mind, forsooth.

*Der.* He knew my mind well enough.

*Clara.* Why then it may be he knew you could not hold out for the journey; pray do not set us all a crying.

*Lad.* Prethee sweet birds-nye be content.

*Der.* Yes, yes, content, when you too leave my company.

D

No

No one comes to me; so that were it now

For modest simple Francis here—

*Clown.* As modest as a gib-cat at midnight.

*Dev.* That some time reads

Virtuous books to me; were it not for him,

I might go look content; but 'tis no matter,

No body cares for me.

*Lad.* Nay, perches Devil, pray gentlemen comfort her.

*Clown.* Now is the devil writing an encomium upon—cunning  
cuckold-makers.

*Franc.* You have been harsh to her of late, I fear, sir.

*Lad.* By this hand, I turn'd not from her all last night: what  
should a man do?

*Jas.* Come, this is but a sweet obedient shower.

To bedew the lamented grave of her old father.

*Clown.* He thinks the devil's dead too.

*Dev.* But 'tis no matter, were I such a one

As the Count *Lorence's* Lady, were I so graceless

To make you wear a pair of wicked horns.

You would make more reckoning of me—

*Lad.* Weep again? she'll cry out her eyes, gentlemen.

*Clown.* No I warrant yee; remember the two lines your  
Honour read last night.

### A Woman's Eye.

'Tis April's Dust, no sooner wet but dry.

*Lad.* Good pigs-eye! *Franc.* perches walk her closer turn 't' th'  
garden; and get her a stomach to her supper; we'll be with ye  
presently, wench.

*Dev.* Nay when ye please—But why should I go from  
ye?

*Lad.* Loving soul! perches *Franc.* take her away.

*Dev.* Pray let me kiss ye first. Come *Franc.*

No body cares for us—At the door *Franc.* kisses her. *Exeunt.*

*Lad.* Well, there goes a couple; where shall a man match ye  
indeed? Hark *Pamph.*

*Jas.* Did you observe?

*Jev.* They kiss.

*Jas.* Peace.

*Lad.* And intreat Madona *Lustria's* to sup with us, say you  
go, tell her my Lady's never well, but in her company.

*Clown.* What if your honour invited the Count *Lorence*? he'll  
be so melancholy now his Lady and he are parted!

*Lad.*

*Lod.* Pray do as you are bid: kind Sir, and let him alone: I'll have no cuckold sup in my house to night: I'll not sleep to night.

*Is.* 'Tis a very hot evening, your honour will sup in the garden then.

*Lod.* Yes, marry will I, Sir: what's that to you?

*Clara.* Why, your honour was ever as good as your word: keep the cuckold out of door, and lay a clench for my Lord in the Arbour gentlemen.

*Lod.* I have been this three months about a project.

*Is.* What's that, my Lord?

*Lod.* Why I intend to compose a pamphlet of all my wives virtues, put them in print, and dedicate them to the Duke, as orthodoxal directions against her marriages.

*Is.* 'Twill give him apt instructions, when he does marry, to pick out such a woman.

*Lod.* Pick her, where will he pick her? As the English proverb says, Henry is soon made a cuckold: he's better to say: would I knew what she has combited, I would let them down all one with another, they would serve as foibles to her virtues: but I do think she has none, I yet think she has any gentlemen.

*Is.* Oh some Sir has some!

*Lod.* I, piddling once it may be, as when a pin pricks her fingers to cry at fight on't, and shrout away, but for other matters.

*Is.* Now I think on't, Sir, I have a device newly begotten, that if you be so desirous to be rehol'd of her perfections, 'twill be an apt mean for your intelligence.

*Lod.* That will be excellent, and then my book grounded upon mine own experience, the report of my judgement in the choice of a woman, will sell them off faster than the Compositor can set the Letters together.

*Is.* We will discourse it as we go, mean time, Sir, let this prepare the path in your construction.

Concept and conclusion are the last words.

One grafts in air, another hides the real born.

*Lod.* Well, he that believeth he has borne, has borne.

And credit good habits & habits, shall be my Motto.

Enter Pandulpho and Spinosa.

*Spin.* The power of Prater upon our Country.

*Pand.* Yes, Selfish Prater, it seems, having sold him

With the passages that pass upon his Sister.

Embassadors were Spanish & to her own.

Where then his Forces lay, who thus returned.

That he came not a publick for mine *Verona*,

But to requite justice against Count *Lorence*,

To approve his sister innocent,

*Spiz*. What witness,

Proof or apparent circumstance hath he

His bold attempt upon?

*Pa.* He says, besides

The honour of *Philippo*, he has proof

So irresistible, as from the place

Of Count *Lorence*, that he only crav'd

(Hoffages being rendered for their deliverance)

Here in the Senate-chamber, the same

Might publicly be censur'd; and by this

They are at hand.

Enter at one Door, Duke of *Venice*, *Philippo* and *Lorence*.

At the other, Duke of *Verona*, *Jaffro*, *Jaques*, *Leo*, *Cor*

*Verona* guarded. A bar between the *Slave*.

*Ver.* Fair for the presence is levell'd for your grievances,

*Pa.* First summon to the bar the Count *Lorence*.

*Pa.* *Lorence Medica*, stand to the bar.

*Lo.* I do stand to the bar.

*Pa.* I come into here, witness the good men's comfort

Unto my territories; and though I bar them

The neighbour-bosom of my confines with

The weight of armour, or do wound your breast

(My Dukedom's near next neighbour) with the boots

Of war-apparell'd horses; 'tis not to seek

For martial humours, but for civil justice.

Conceive mine honour wounded, a sister's shame

Is an unpleasant spot upon our Arm.

Yet that we come not here so sanctified

A sisters sin; for if she be prov'd,

Shame sleep within her womb, and brand her

Let Bears and Wolves their Angels War cry sound.

Gives goodness such a foul and deadly wound.

But if she chaste be prov'd, what can our cure

A wounded name? As he that not himself

The bitter strack of law upon the strumpet,

Fattens the sad affliction of a thousand?

So who but stains an honest womans name,

Plagues are you kept by him, that is the defence

For the uncless doggie inures innocence

I affirm my sister wrong'd, wrong'd by this man.

This that has wrong'd pure judgement, and through passion

Upon the face of truth, and upon him



**The City of Dreadful Night**

I seek a satisfaction, which I cannot find, I know not what.

**Lea.** I reply:—

The law must give you satisfaction, and I am bound to do so.

That justly I should do so: I am bound to do so.

To the whole Community, I am bound to do so.

In her progression went a thought, which I could not find.

Either by proof or information.

Let the Duke speak (not as he is, but as he should be).

If I could find him, I should be bound to do so.

Besides mine own attention, which I could not find.

Grounded on probability, I am bound to do so.

That upon each side, they are bound to do so.

Even in the very act of sin and shame.

With that Phoebe there: blame, I am bound to do so.

If I return an error to your duty.

Reason (the safe whereon we build the law).

You injure in this action: I am bound to do so.

Who dares not build his faith upon the law.

They swear what they did see: and I am bound to do so.

(Reason concludes) what they see: I am bound to do so.

**Phoe.** You hear my husband's answer.

**Phoe.** And 'tis requisite.

That you produce your authority.

Most madly on a hill of sand.

**Phoe.** The foundation work is mine.

He builds on truth, the good man's mind.

And not in the law's shadow.

Offends injured brothers' power.

And glory of the cause: I know the law.

Of my afflicted honour, and on that.

I openly affirm your absent Lady.

Chastity's well-knit abstrack, now in the hall.

Purely refin'd by the bleak Northern blast.

Nox free: from a foyl, the thoughts of Indulgence.

But like aether heaven: And if their Princes.

Please to permit, before their guilty thoughts.

Injure another hour upon the Lady,

My right drawn sword shall prove it.

**Lea.** Upon my knees.

(How my soul dances!) humbly I kneel.

Your grace to his request: fight with Phoebe.

I'll midst of flame, or pestilence in a Cave.

Where **Phoebe** do breed.

**Phoe.** We must take counsel.

The price of blood is precious.

**Lea.** Blood defers burthen:

The prize of Truth is precious: for all the furies  
I have fought for you on land, the fears at sea,  
Where I have tag'd with tempests, flood storms at midnight,  
Out-star'd the flaring lightning; and the next morning  
Chas'd the unruly stubborn Tark with thunder,  
For all the bullets I have bravely shot,  
And sent death singing to the slaughter;  
*Per.* Peace.

*Lea.* What should I bleed for with peace? I have  
Mine Honour lies a bleeding; And in mine  
Her wide wound flows a bleed; And while you cry peace,  
Shame wars upon my name: Oh rather kill me  
Than call me to this fraud.

*Spa.* The doubtful cause  
With such a desperate issue, I have never seen.

*Per.* Your request is granted: I will not see you.

*Lea.* You have now Sir, fresh air in the face of falling Honour,  
Rapiers of fair equality.

*Per.* Look with what care the spider, when he weaves his web, the fly, which heaves a

VVith nearer Art appears, not deceive.

Stay, as you said, Sir, bleed is a painful place.

Let me but see the men produce, who have

They saw them in the shameful act, and then

Farwell a sister and her honour.

*Per.* Produce your servants, Sir.

*Lea.* Plague of this change, here's one of them, I then order

In that I threaten'd him, for he has been

The next day ran away.

*Per.* Did you sit, swear

You saw our sister and this gentleman

In this base act of sin?

*Lea.* Fear nothing.

1 Slave, To die, to die, a more dangerous then to displease

a Duke?

I saw it and did swear it.

### Enter Lord and a Slave

*Per.* But here comes one.

VVill swear you saw it too, and say so more.

1 Slave, 'Sfoot, straightly.

*Spa.* This is the other fellow took his oath.

*Per.* VVhat come you here to say, Sir?

1 Slave, That we swore falsely, may it please your Grace,

Hy'd

Hyr'd by my Lord with gifts and graces that I have not  
And as I now have spoke the truth, so heaven and earth shall  
Forgive my former perjury.

*Per.* Hear you, collector, I am not a slave, I am a man  
I Slave. VVould you would say something; I have no other  
my breeches.

*Lar.* Now, now, I hope your eyes are open. Look,  
The bed of snakes is broke, the trick's come about,  
And here's the knot I th' craft: good heaven, good heaven,  
That craft in seeking to put on disguise,  
Should so discover her self!

*Per.* Explain your self.

*Lar.* Now see Sir, where this scorpion lurks so sting  
Mine honour unto death: this noble Duke, by nature  
By nature is engag'd to defend a sister;  
And to this Duke so engag'd, this malicious Lord  
(For sin still has her scourge) makes ready  
And prepossesses him with that suppos'd innocence  
Of an injur'd sister; which he had hid this Slave  
To follow him, and affirm, and lay the curse  
To scruple, and to conscience: they did conspire  
To steal belief by seeming accident.

Sin Juggler-like, calls sin before our eyes  
Craft sometimes steals the wonder of the wife,  
VVith an equal hand now weigh me, and if I want  
A grain of honour, tear me from your blood,  
And cast me to contempt.

*Slave.* My Lord would have made an excellent state-  
philister.

*Per.* In what a strange dilemma judgement sits,  
Charm'd to her chair with wonder.

*Per.* Shall I have justice?

*Per.* Yes, in that this fellow swears for the Duke:  
Reach him the book, you shall see him again.

Take the former oath.

*Per.* This doubt must be so ended:

If it give not satisfaction, send back our hostages.

You have said regrets to your losses: but

The blood remains on you: and still remember

The price of blood is precious.

*Phil.* Let us end it.

*Per.* Oh what a Combat Honour holds with Conscience!

Reach him the book; and if thou false dost say,

May thine own tongue, thine own foul heart betray.

*Slave.* Amen, say I:

Give me the book, my oath must end all there.

30  
Siz. It must.

Ler. Now you shall have this summary of a law. I say, I will  
He saw them both make base oath.

1 Slave. Nay I swear.

They are now both seen in the base oath.

Par. 'Tis a strange oath.

1 Slave. 'Tis a strange thought.

Ler. True, villain! are both men seen in the base oath?

1 Slave. Yes, both.

Ler. VWhich both?

1 Slave. You and I, sir.

Ans. How?

1 Slave. Both you and I are seen in the base oath,  
Slandering (spokest honour) an act so base,  
The barbarous Moor would blush at.

Phil. Dye hear him now?

Ler. Out Slave, wilt thou give ground too? fear works upon  
him.

Did you not both here swear in the Senate-chamber  
You saw them both dishonest?

1 Slave. Then we swore true, sir.

Ler. I told you 'twas but fear.

Vers. Swore ye true then, sir, when ye swore  
Ye both saw them dishonest?

1 Slave. Yes marry did we, sir.

For we were both two villains when we saw them,  
So we saw them dishonest.

Vers. Heaven, thou art equal!

1 Slave. This is a jealous Lord, his Lady chaste,  
A rock of chivalry and more a dear than gentleman  
Bafely abus'd: this great Prince dishonour'd;  
And so we kneel for mercy.

Vers. You have redeem'd it.

Depart, prove honest men: that I should bear  
Dishonour in my blood!

Ans. Much injur'd Lady!

Vers. VWhat justice, sir, belongs unto the injur'd?

Vers. First witness heaven; I tear thee from my blood,

And cast thee off a stranger: Adieu you, sir.

(Since the great cause is yours) my seat of justice,

And sentence this foul homicide: it must be

And suddenly: he will not stand the air else.

Proceed, great sir, with rigor, whilst I stand by

And do about the sentence.

Vers. Answer, Lorenzo.

Art thou not guilty?

Ler.

*Lor.* Give me my sword, death;  
Princes can build and ruine with one breath.  
*Per.* The case may seem to merit death, to that  
Two souls were hazarded, a Princess's name,  
A Duke dishonour'd; and a noble Lord  
Wounded in reputation: but since she lives,  
And that no blood was spilt (though something deart)  
Mercy thus far stretch her silver wings  
Over your trespass: we do banish you,  
Both from our Dukedomes Limits and your own:  
If you but set a daring foot upon them  
Whilst life lends you ability to stand,  
You fall into the pit of death, unless  
You shall finde out our most unfortunate sister,  
And bring her to our Court.

*Lor.* You fir are mercifull!

*Per.* This let me add, in that you have made impartial Ju-  
Princes should punish vice in their own blood: (since fir,  
Until you finde that excellent injur'd Lady,  
Upon this gentleman, who hath suffer'd for you,  
We confer your lands, revenues, and your place:  
That during three days stay within our confines  
It shall be death, to any that relieves you,  
But as they do a beggar at their door.  
So cast him from our presence.

*Lor.* Your dooms are just!

Oh love, thy first destruction is distrust!

*Exeunt Lor., Piero and Juvenal.*

*Per.* For you, fair fir, until we shall hear tidings  
Of your most injur'd sister, please you to call  
My Court your own, conceive it so: where I live  
Two partners in one passion we will be,  
And sweeten sorrow with a sympathy.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lodovico like a Friar, Piero and Juvenal.*

*Lod.* What am I stirred, gallant? what I should?

*Jov.* To th' life, able to cheat my passion, and to like  
Father Antony the confessor, that I should  
There's not more resemblance in a pair of eyes.

*Jov.* An apple cut in halves is not to like.

*Lod.* Well, of Lords you're mad, Lords to counsel me to this;  
but now in this habit shall I know the very core of her heart,  
all her little peddling fine, which will show in my book as foils to  
her giant-bodied virtues.

*Jov.* That will be admirable!

*Exeunt.*

*Exeunt.*

30  
Spin. It must.

Ler. Now you shall hear true news.  
He saw them both in the base act.

1 Slave. Nay I saw.

They are now both seen in the base act.

Om. Now with him.

Pax. 'Tis a strange oath.

1 Slave. 'Tis true though.

Ler. True, villains! are both now seen in the base act.

1 Slave. Yes, both.

Ler. VWhich both?

1 Slave. You and I, sir.

Om. How?

1 Slave. Both you and I are seen in the base act.

Slandering spotless honour; an act so base.

The barbarous Moor would blush for.

Phil. Dye hear him now.

Ler. Out Slave, wilt thou give ground too? fear works upon  
em.

Did you not both here swear I sh. Sonars chamber

You saw them both dishonest?

1 Slave. Than we swore true, sir.

Ler. I told you 'twas but fear.

Vers. Swore ye true then, sir, when ye swore

Ye both saw them dishonest?

1 Slave. Yes marry did we, sir.

For we were both two villains when we saw them,

So we saw them dishonest.

Vers. Heaven, thou art equal!

1 Slave. This is a jealous Lord, his Lady chaste,

A rock of chivalry not moved dear; this gentleman

Basely abus'd: this great Prince dishonour'd;

And so we kneel for mercy.

Vers. You have redeem'd it.

Depart, prove honest men: that I should bear

Dishonour in my blood!

Om. Much injur'd Lady!

Vers. VWhat justice, sir, belongs unto the injur'd?

Phil. First, to cross heaven, I tear thee from my blood,

And cast thee off a stranger: Assume you, sir,

(Since the great cause is yours) my seat of justice,

And sentence this foul homicide: it must be

And suddenly: he will smite the air else.

Proced, great sir, with rigour, whilst I stand by

And do adore the sentence.

Vers. Answer, Lorenzo,

Art thou not guilty?

Ler.



*Lar.* Give me my death, death;  
Princes can build and ruine with one breath.  
*Mar.* The task may seem to merit death, to that  
Two souls were hazarded, a Princess's name,  
A Duke dishonour'd, and a noble Lord  
Wounded in reputation: but since she lives,  
And that no blood was spilt (though something dearet)  
Mercy thus far fir, rescue her silver wings  
Over your trespass: we do banish you,  
Both from our Dukedomes Limits and your own:  
If you but set a daring foot upon them  
Whilst life lends you ability to stand,  
You fall into the pit of death, unless  
You shall finde out our most unfortunate sister,  
And bring her to our Court.

*Lar.* You fir are merciful!

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Princes should punish vice in their own blood: (since fir,  
Until you finde that excellent in Jur'd Lady,  
Upon this gentleman, who hath suffer'd for you,  
We confer your lands, revenues, and your place:  
That during three days stay within our confines  
It shall be death, to any that relieves you  
But as they do a beggar at their door.  
So cast him from our presence.

*Lar.* Your dooms are just!

Oh love, thy first destruction is distrust!

*Exeunt Lar, Lar, and Jovani.*

*Pier.* For you, fair fir, until we shall hear tidings  
Of your most in Jur'd sister, please you to call  
My Court your own, conceive it so: where lives  
Two partners in one passion we will be,  
And sweeten sorrow with a sympathy.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lodovico like a Fryer, Lar, and Jovani.*

*Lar.* What am I fitted gallant? and I shall

*Jov.* To th' life; able to cheat suspicion, and to lye  
Father *Amoy* the confessor, that I protest  
There's not more resemblance in a pair of eyes.

*Jov.* An apple cut in half, is not to lye.

*Lar.* VVell, of Lords you've mad Lords to counsel me to this;  
but now in this habit shall I know the very core of her heart,  
all her little podling fir, which will show in my book as foils to  
her glass-bodied verrues.

*Jov.* That will be admirable!

*Exeunt.*

*You.* We'll step aside! by this time you are coming.

*Jail.* We shall hear all.

*Lad.* Reveal nothing, but so your words be count as they lastfully be revealed, we'll hang down our heads.

*Jail.* Come, let's be gone: but let us upon a canvas.

*Lad.* A beggar found a lark's nest, and next day

At his sudden glut, for he thought he was full of young ones.

Looking, they were all gone: he was found again without.

For he found in the lark's nest a serpent's egg.

So much good d'ye see.

*Enter Dorothea.*

*Lad.* Well, thou surpassest all the courtiers in civility ones; if a man had the wit to understand them. Under the comes, I can hardly forbear blushing, but that for covering my self.

Right reverend habit, I honour thee.

With a Son's obedience, and do but borrow thee.

As men would play with dice, who in midst of modest mirth.

With care preserve themselves.

*Dor.* Hail holy Father.

*Lad.* Welcome my dear daughter.

*Dor.* Death having made you fall, you are risen again.

Upon the vernal and approved reborn.

Of your integrity and upright dealing.

*Lad.* Delicate Doll.

*Dor.* I have made a modest choice, if you, please it.

To be my ghostly father: and to you I fall.

For absolution.

*Lad.* Empty then, my daughter.

That vessel of your heart, of all the dirt.

VWhich (since your last conversion) clean you have purged.

Taken a settled habitation in you.

And with a powerful secret acknowledgment.

Hunt out those spots which haunt the house of sin.

Tears makes dry branches flourish green and fresh.

*Dor.* Since last I came, when I do weep.

My first sin was that my Father's house I left.

My last new gown, having made the sleeves too long.

In an unchristian manner I did wear.

The devil caught me.

*Lad.* That was something better than a dog's.

Yet the more pardonable, for it may be forgiven.

Lies in hell, light by night: pray to your second.

*Dor.* Next, in a more savage rage my chamber-maid.

*Par.*



The City Night-Cap

Lawful necessity may dispence with ceremony: I shall forgive you.  
You are ingeniously sorry? Lead you should vnderstand better.

Der. Yes indeed sir.

Lad. And resolve to fall no more so?

Der. No in truth sir.

Lad. I then pronounce you here absolv'd: now for your penance.

Der. Any thing?

Lad. As the fact to you seems strange, so blame me not.  
If your penance be as strange: you may wonder it.

But it is wondrous easie in performance,  
But as your penance I enjoyn it: may now I remember,

In an old French Authentick Auth'r, his book  
Titled, *De Satisfactione*, I read the same.

Enjoynd a Lady of Dauphine, 'Tis as holy said,  
No devout prayer, nor an arduous pilgrimage

'Tis out of the prescrib'd road.

Der. Let it be.

So strange, story ne'er taught the injunction, I do vow  
The plenal strict performance.

Lad. Listen to me.

Soon at night (to custom I made it) through the City  
The two great Dukes of *Orleans* and *Burgundy*

Are feasted by your Lord, where a banquet intended.

Der. That's true, sir.

Lad. Now when ye all are set round about the Table  
In deepest silence, you shall confess these words.

Aloud to your husband: **YOU ARE NOT THIS**

**CHILD'S FATHER,**

And 'cause my order bar me such inquiries,  
You shall say, Such a man Iy with me, causing the party

Was partner in your sin.

Der. Good sir.

Lad. This is your penance, I enjoyn you, keep it.  
You are absolv'd; break it, you know the danger of it: god-bye.

Der. Oh good sir stay, never was penance of more shame then  
this.

Lad. You know the danger of the breach as to say  
'Tis the shameful loss of our religious orders & we reveal.

Der. For heaven sake,

Enjoy me first upon my knees to creep  
From *Versus* to *Letelle*.

Lad. That's nothing.

Der. Nothing indeed to this: is this your penance to manifest  
ease in performance?

Lad. I then pronounce you here absolv'd: now for your penance.

*Ed.* 'Tis irrevocable.

*Dor.* I am silent: your new penance may mean a new performance: farewell, *Ed.*

You are the cruellest are confest me before.

*Ed.* And this is a trick to catch a man part where.

*Ed.* *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Tertius.*

*Actus Quartus.*

*Enter Albinia.*

*Alb.* **H**ere miserable dejected *Albinia*,  
In *Milford* let my misery take breath,  
Wearied with many sufferings: Oh *Loring*,  
How far in love I am with my affliction,  
Because it calls thee *fisher*, I since this house,  
Where gentlemen of *Italy* I was directed,  
But I here discover  
Strange actions closely carried in this house,  
Great persons (but not good) here nightly revel  
In surfeits, and in riots, yet so carried,  
That the next day the place appears a sanctuary,  
Rather then sins foul, respectable, these ways,  
Have to me still been (unknown) but *Loring*,  
Thou couldst not though believe it: Oh *jealous*,  
Lovers tell me, thou art in thy disease,  
A wild mad patient, wondrous hard to please.

*Enter Timonius and Albinia.*

*Mr.* Yonder she walks mumping to her self; the *Princess*  
*Albinia* has lost her wits's observation; and ye win her  
but to him, your house bears the bell away; across her  
quaintly.

*Tim.*

Tim. I warrant thee, *Morbo Madam*, *Timonius* has shifted  
wooden of more weight than a million heads have I ruin'd  
so many City-Citadels, to let in. Codrus martialists, and  
shall this Country-Cottage hold out? I were more for a  
Cart than a Coach, than a Coach: O how now *Millieus*, how'd ye  
this morning?

Abf. VVell, I do thank so good a Landlady.

Tim. But hark you, *Mill*, is the door close, *Morbo*?

Mer. As a Usurers conscience. *Grace* was coming in, till he  
saw the door shut upon him.

Tim. I'll see *Grace* about her business, and I came to her: is  
here any work for *Grace*, with a waggon to her? we shall have  
Haves-droppers, shall we?

Abf. Chastity guard me, how I tremble.

Tim. Come hither mistress *Millieus*, sic, how you let your  
hair hang about your ears, and how do you like my house,  
*Mill*?

Abf. VVell, indeed well.

Tim. Nay I know a woman may rise here in one month, and  
she will her self: but trucha much, I know you see something,  
as they say, and so forth. Did you see the gallant was here last  
till 12?

Abf. VVhich of them, mean you? have you seen?

Tim. VVhich she is the white *Madam* that sups in the gal-  
lery, isn't she white *Morbo*?

Mer. As a Ladies hand, by these five fingers.

Tim. White? no, no, 'twas a warty, now I remember.

Mer. As a Gipsie, by this hand, I look'd white by candle-  
light though.

Tim. That lussy springal *Millieus*, is no worse than a  
Then the Duke of *Madam* Son.

Abf. His excellent carriage spoke him of noble birth.

Tim. And this same Duke's son, loves you, *Merbo*.

Abf. Now heaven detain me!

Tim. What from a Duke's lady? many went up with a mur-  
ren, from whence came you to, *Mer*?

Mer. Thus nice *Grace* was at first, and you remember.

Tim. I would have ye know, *Merbo*, I could have seen my  
Coach and fetch'd him one of the best pieces in *Millieus*, and  
her husband should have look'd after me, that's neighbours  
might have noted, and cry'd farewell Naut, commend me to  
mine *Merbo*.

Mer. And yet from these perfum'd sercuses, *Merbo* defend  
you.

Abf. Perfum'd indeed.

Mer. Perfum'd! I am a Pander, a Rogue, that hangs toge-  
ther



that like a beggar, may by good means, I dare trust, see three Ladies sworn yesterday that my mistress perjur'd the coach, so they were fain to unbosom all the ladies, to make in fresh air.

Tim. He tells you true, I keep no company, I warrant ye; we vent no breath'd ware here.

Ans. But have ye fifty many several women to answer to many men that come to see you?

Ans. I'll answer that by demonstration, I have ye not observ'd the variation of a Cloud; sometimes 'twill be like a Lion, sometimes like a horse, sometimes a Castle, and yet still a Cloud.

Ans. True.

Ans. Why so can we make one wench one day look like a Country-wench, another day like a Citizen's wife, another day like a Lady; and yet still be a wench.

Ans. What shall become of me? Oh the taste Of goodness, to leave one woman a world.

Enter Philippe.

Phil. Morrow sweet Madam: Oh look how like the Sun behind a Cloud, the beams do give intelligence it is there.

Tim. You're reciprocal welcome, sir.

Phil. What have ye not brought this young wild haggard to the lure yet?

Tim. Faith sir, she's a little irregular yet; but time, that turns Citizens Caps into Court-periwigs, will bring the wonder about.

Phil. Bless you, sweet mistress.

Enter Antonio and Slave.

Ans. 'Sfoot here's the Prince, I smell thunder.

Tim. Your Grace is most methodically welcome; you must pardon my variety of phrase; the Courtiers can cloy us with good words.

Ans. What's he?

Ans. A gentleman of Ferrara, sir, one Pedro Sebastian.

Ans. And do ye set him out to sale, I charge'd ye reserve for me alone.

Tim. Indeed sir,

Ans. Put off your deals.

Tim. Oh my Sciarica!

Ans. Sirrah, you perjur'd rascal, [Exit Philippe, they follow.]

Tim. Nay good my Lord.

Ans. Good sir, 'tis one of the Duke's chamber.

Phil. Let him be of the devils chamber.

Ans.

*Ans.* Sirrah, leave the house, or I will find thee out with thunder.

*Sirrah.* Good sir, 'tis madness here to find him.

*Phil.* 'Sfoot hick: I pray that we meet no more again, for I still keep heaven about you.

*Alg.* What ere thou art, a good man still go with thee.

*Ans.* Will you bestow a call of your professions?

*Mer.* We are vanish'd, sir.

*Tim.* This 'tis to dream of seven glasses, *Mer.*

*Alg.* O what shall become of me? In his eye Murder and lust contends.

*Ans.* Nay file not, you sweet, I am not angry with you, indeed I am not: Do you know me?

*Alg.* Yes, sir, report hath given intelligence You are the Prince, the Duker son.

*Ans.* Both in one.

*Alg.* Report sure Spoke but her native language; you are none of either.

*Ans.* How?

*Alg.* Were you the Prince, you would not sure be fly'd To your bloodpassion: I do crave your pardon For my rough language; truth hath a forthrad fire, And in the tower of her integrity, She an unwanquish'd virgin, can you imagine I will appear possible you are the Prince? VVhy when you set your foot-hill in this house, You crush'd obedient duty unto death, And even then fell from you your respect: Honour is like a goodly old house, which If we repair not still with vertues hand, Like a Citadel being ready rais'd on sand, It falls, is swallow'd and not found.

*Ans.* If you fall upon the place, perbair how came it tumbling e'er?

*Alg.* By treacherous intelligence: honest men, In the way ignorant, through thieves parlours go. Are you sent to such a noble Father? Send him to's grave then Like a white Almond-tree, full of glad days, VVith joy that he begot so good a son. Oh sir, methinks I see sweet Majesty Sit with a mourning sad face full of sorrows To see you in this place: this is a cave Of Scorpions and of Dragons, O turn back,

Turn.

Toads here legendary, 'tis the stream of death;  
The very air poisons a good mans breath,

Enter Timpanius and Morbo.

Ans. Within there!

Mor. Silence

Ans. Is my Cateuch at door?

Tim. And your horse too, sir: ye found her pliant.

Ans. Yare rotten hospitals hung with greafe famin.

Tim. Ah!

Mor. Came this nice piece from Naples, with a pox to her?

Tim. And she has the Neapolitanis'd him, I'll be dead for't.

Exeunt Read and Pander.

Ans. Let me borrow ghastness from thy lip: farewell!

Here's a new wonder, I have met heaven in hell.

Exeunt.

Enter Venice, Verona, Lodovico, Pandulpho, Jaffro.

Ven. Is this your chaste religious Lady?

Lod. Nay good my Lord, let it be carried with a silent reputation, for the credit of the conclusion; as all here are privy to the passage, I do desire next to be laugh'd at, till after the Mask and we are all ready: I have made bold with some of your Graces gentlemen, that are good dancers.

Ven. 'Tis one of my greatest wonders, credit me: To think what way she will devile here openly, To perfume her to strict penance.

Ven. It busies me, believe me too.

Jaff. Ye may see now, sir, how possible 'tis for a cunning Lady, to make an Ais of a Lord too confident.

Lod. An Ais! I will prove a contented Cuckold the wisest man in's company.

Ven. How prove you that, sir?

Lod. Because he knows himself.

Ven. Very well brought in.

Is all our furniture fit, against the morning, To go for Aisles?

Jaff. Ready, and like your Grace.

Ven. We are given to understand, the injured Priorets, Whom Count Lorenzo and noble Philippo Are (unknown to one another) gone in search of, Hath been seen there disguised: strict inquisition

From the Duke himself shall ere many daies  
Give our hopes a satisfaction.

Enter Dorothea, Ladies, Franciske and Clown.

1st Lad. The Ladies, Sir; Franciske keeps before, Sir,  
And Pambo keeps all well behind.

Lad. Yes, there's devout lechery between hawk and buzzard;  
but please ye for the Ladies: the Mask stands your Grace.

1st Lad. Come Ladies Sir; Madam Dorothea,  
Your ingenious Lord hath suddenly prepared us  
For a conceited Mask, and himself it from  
Plays the pretence.

Dor. Now be upon this vanity:  
A profane Mask! chaffing keep us, Ladies.

1st Lad. What, from a Mask? shew us grounds your wife.

Dor. Marry my Lord upon experience  
I heard of one, once brought his wife to a Mask;  
As chaste as a cold night; but poor unfortunate fellow  
He lost her in the throng, and the poor soul  
Came home so crush'd a near unrecogniz'd.

1st Lad. 'Tis that was ill:  
But women will be lost a gain, these will.

1st Lad. Silence the Malicious murther.

Enter Lodovico, Clown and Messengers a Stag, a

Ram, a Bull and a Goat.

Clown. Look to me, Master.

Lad. Do not shake, they'll think they're out.

Clown. A Mask, or no Mask; no Mask but a By-stander.  
And yet a Mask yesternight a City-Night-Cap.

Lad. And converse.

Clown. And conveniently for to keep off (Cocks)  
Considerately the cap is hatched with Horches.

Lad. We insinuate.

Clown. Speak a little louder.

Lad. We insinuate.

Clown. We insinuate by this Stag and Ram so prey  
With Goat and Bull, Cow, Country, Camp and City.

Lad. Cuckold.

Clown. Cuckold my Lord.

Lad. 'Tis the first word of your next line.

Clown.

*The City-Night-Cap.*

21

*Claws.* Oh — Cuckolds begin with C. And it's no sport  
Then C. Begins with Country, Camp and Court;  
But here's the business of our sport  
That one may wear this Night-Cap and not know it.

*Der.* Why chicken shall they make such an Ass of thee; good  
your Grace can't you endure to let her loving husband wear  
horns in his own house?

*Pier.* Pray Lady, tis but in jest.

*Der.* In jest I say for the jest sake, keep then on sweet bird,  
*Claws.* Now to our Mask's name: but first, be it known —  
When I name a City, I only mean *Prussia*.  
Those you find in the room here, I protest, for I brought them  
because here are some of other Cities in the room that might  
snuff pepper else.

*Pier.* You have fairly taken that star off; pray proceed.

*Der.* Your husband then.  
*Claws.* Your kindest wish such cuckolds are. Oh pity I  
And where have you seen most their wile, Oh City!  
Sick for a Night-Cap, go to cuckolds luck;  
Who thrives like him, who hath the daintiest duck  
To deck his stall? nay at the time of rapping  
When you may take the watch at corners napping  
Take it forsooth, it is a wonderful nap  
If you find Master Constable without his cap, *Claws.* A  
So a City-Night-Cap; for whilst he doth roze  
And frights abroad, his wife commits at home.

*Pier.* A Constable?  
*Claws.* A Constable of *Prussia*; we will not meddle with your  
City of *Prussia*, sir.

Therefore tis the City wife which  
Should have a Cap call'd *City-Night-Cap*.

*Der.* To Cap?

*Claws.* To make late our Cap, and stretch it on the center,  
Tis known a City is the whole lands center;  
So that a City-Night-Cap, out we call  
By a conclusion philosophical  
Heavie bodie tend to the center to (the more we play)  
The heavier head do bur upon the City  
And to our dance this title let us have  
A City-Night-Cap, alas Cuckolds round.

*Der.* Cuckolds round! and my sweet bird leads the dance!

*Pier.* Be patient, Madam, 'Tis but honest mirth.

From good candour does pleasure kinder full birth.

*Pier.* Jaisro, till some more words may come to this great fall

*Jais.* 'Tis here, sir.

*Vers.* Count Lodovico!

*Lod. Sr.*

*Vers.* I'll instantly give you a fair occasion to produce  
The performance of her penance.

*Lod.* I'll catch occasion by the back, Sir.

*Vers.* Here, a health to all, it shall go round.

*Lod.* 'Tis a general health, and leads the rest into the  
field.

*Clara.* Your honour breaks just as serving men do glasses by  
chance.

*Vers.* As I was drinking, I was thinking, with me.

How fortunate our kind host was to meet  
With so chaste a wife; truth will not good Count Lodovico  
Admit heaven had her.

*Lod.* Oh good your Grace, do not wonder me  
Admit heaven had her! 'Tis what should never do with her.

*Vers.* Your love makes you thus passionate; but within  
Faith, what else would you desire?

*Lod.* Were I to chafe them, as I should I were, in this wear  
at Japes.

I would wish, my Lord, a wife so like my Lady  
That once a week she should go to confession;

And to perform the penance she should run;  
Nay should do penance, but dream our till there comes a day.

*Jasp.* A delicate memento, to put her in mind of her  
Penance.

*Dev.* Now you talk of dreams; sweet heart, I'll tell you a very  
unhappy one; I was a dream'd lodovico of Francis there.

*Lod.* Of Francis?

*Dev.* Nay, I have done with him.

*Lod.* Now your Grace shall see the devil out-dream.

*Vers.* Pray let us hear your dream.

*Dev.* Bless me! I am even afraid to tell it: but, as no mat-  
ter, child,

A dream is a dream, and thus it was:  
Me thought, sweet husband, Francis lay with me.

*Lod.* The best friend still on earth, Francis!

Could the devil, Sir, perform a penance better  
And save his credit better? Oh, child, a dream is but a dream.

*Dev.* Me thought I prov'd with child, sweet heart.

*Lod.* I, bird?

*Frans.* Fox of these dreams.

*Dev.* Me thought I was brought to bed, and one boy bring  
I fir gallery, where your Mother-in-law and vizard hang,  
Having the child me thought upon my knee.

Who



*The City-Night-Cap.*

13

Who should come thither as to play at foils,  
But thou, sweet heart, and I, my love?  
*Lad.* Frank and I! does your Grace mark that?  
*Fra.* I do, and wonder at her near resemblance on't.  
*Dor.* Ye had not play'd three yeares, but she thought  
He had then such a bloom upon the husband,  
It sweet'd to that thou couldst not surt.  
*Lad.* Sir, for  
*Dor.* As which the child cri'd, so that I could see him  
Whereat me thought, I pray'd thee to put on  
The hat thou wore it last, and before she came, thinking thereby  
To kill the child, then being frighted with  
He cri'd the more.  
*Lad.* He? Frank thou gav'st her  
*Fra.* In dream, it seems, Sir.  
*Dor.* VVhen I cri'd, you thought, pointing to them  
Away you naughty man, you are the child's father.  
*Lad.* Meaning the child Frank to be.  
*Dor.* The same: and then I cri'd and cri'd that  
*One.* A pretty merry dream!

*Enter Jaffe.*

*Jaf.* Your servant tells me,  
Count Lodowick, that one Master Antony,  
A holy man, stays without to speak with you.  
*Lad.* VVish me, or my Lady?  
*Jaf.* Nay, with you, and about earnest business.  
*Lad.* I'll go find him up, and he shall interpret my Ladies  
dream, Pitt Jaffe.  
*Dor.* VVhy husband, my Lord.  
*Fra.* Didst mark? I must interpret.  
*Clara.* I smell worm-wood, and vinegar.  
*Fra.* She changes colour.  
*Dor.* He will not face reveal confusion.  
*Fra.* VVe'll rise and to see long-age: I thank your Highness  
Keeps better hours in France?  
*Fra.* As all do, Sir.  
*VVe* many times make mock'd mirth, a necessity  
To produce Ladies dreams.  
*Fra.* How they dream, as not would I were in  
Their passages trye me.

*Enter*

## Enter Jafro and Lodowick.

Jafro. Here's Lodowick, my dear brother, come as light as a feather.

Vero. His, Jafro.

Jafro. This Fryer hath consented with Count Lodowick.

That his Lady here being absolved,

Confess'd this morning to him here, in her own house.

Her main Franchise were had late with her.

At which her Lord's presence and down the stairs.

Like one distracted cry'd, 'Woe betide me.'

Der. Art mad? deny it yet, I said no more.

Clown. Father Toss.

Lod. I confess it, I deny it, any thing, I do every thing, I do

nothing.

Vero. The Fryer, Father Tossick, and being mad,

Depraves a Lady or so, that's worth

A bad thought never bred more.

Der. 'Tis my misfortune and to suffer for.

Lod. Did you not see one slip out of a cloak bag in fashion

of a slice of bacon, and run under the table amongst the

hogs?

Vero. He's mad, he's mad.

Clown. I, I, a sythe-pig twas overlaid last night, and he speaks

nonfence all the day after.

Der. Shall I, sir, suffer this in mine own house too?

Clown. I'd scratch out my eyes first.

Vero. Since Lady you and your man Franchise

Are the two best of us, here's Lodowick

That's a man that's not his religious master,

Expose him to the apparent blush of shame,

And tear those holy weeds off.

Frans. Now you my franker brother,

Had you not been better for'd your brother?

Der. And ye keep counsel, fix no better.

We'll ease you of your cloak.

Clown. Nay, let me have a hand in it, I'll tear his coat with

more zeal than a Puritan would tear a farthing.

Frans. See what 'tis to accuse when you're mad.

Der. I confess again to you now, sir, this man did do with

me.

Clown. And I brought him to her chamber too.

Der. Turn out here.

Dukes. Who's this?

Oms. 'Tis Count Lodowick.

Lod.

*Lad.* How dreams, sweet wife do full agree I  
*Clown.* I was a dream'd, now I remember, I was whipt through  
*Pierse.*

*Lad.* I was your confessor:  
Did not I enjoy your chaste nice Ladship  
A dainty penance?

*Jag.* And she perform'd it as daintily, sir, we'll be sworn for  
that.

*Clow.* Oh good sir, I crave your pardon.  
*Lad.* And what say you, *Pierse*?

*Pierse.* You have run him for vain to defend,  
Craft sets forth fault, but still fails in the end.

*Lad.* You brought him to her chamber, *Pierse*.  
*Clow.* Good my Lord, I was merely inveigled to.

*Lad.* I have nothing to do with ye. I take no notice of ye. I  
have paid my part off to th' list, and your Grace is bound to per-  
form yours.

*Pierse.* And publicly we will still raise their name:  
Who ere know private sin scape public shame.

You sir that do appear a gentleman,  
Yet are within slave to th' basest passions.

You shall through *Pierse* ride upon an Ass  
With your face towards his back-parts, and in your hand his  
tail 'stead of a bridle.

*Clow.* Smiles upon and Allice an' th' ad been upon an horse it  
had been worthy grammarcy.

*Pierse.* Peace, sirrah!

After that, you shall be branded in the forehead,  
And after banish'd a way with him!

*Pierse.* Lust is still  
Like a midnight-meal, after our violent drinkings,

'Tis swallowed greedily: but the course being kept,  
We are sicker when we wake then ere we slept.

*Clow.* He must be hanged, if the whore-maister be burnt  
what shall become of the procurer?

*Pierse.* You Madam, to that you have consented sanctity,  
To promise her the vows you never paid,

You shall unto the Monastrie of Ma'trons,  
And spend your daies reclusive: for we conceive it

Her greatest plague, who her daies in lust hath pass'd  
And sell'd, against her will to be kept chaste.

*Clow.* Your doom is just, no sentence can be given  
Too hard for her plays fast and loose with heaven.

*Lad.* I will buss thee, and bid fair weather after thee: but for  
you, sirrah, ———

*Clow.*

*The City Night-Cap.*

*Clews.* Nay fir, 'tis but credit good looks & beauty most; believe I have a balmer; and I have not.

*Pers.* You firrah, we are possit were their pander.

*Clews.* I brought but flesh to flesh fir, and your Grace does as much when you bring your meat to your mouth.

*Pers.* You firrah at a Carrsail shall be whip Through the City.

*Clews.* there's my dream out already; but does there is no remedy but that whipping shall close up my stomach, I would request a note from your Grace, to the Cartman, to intreat him to drive quick; I shall never endure is else.

*Pers.* I hope, Count Lodowick, we have satisfied ye.

*Led.* To th' full; and I think the Cuckold catch'd the Cuckold-maker.

*Pers.* 'Twas a most puerance; but oh! the art of woman is the performance.

*Led.* Pshaw fir, 'tis nothing, had the been in her great Gramams place.

Had not the Devil first began the fir,  
And cheated her, she would have cheated him.

*Pers.* Let all to rest, and noble fir, th' morning.

With a small private train, we see for Mollon.

Vice for a time may shine, and virtue fight;

But truth like heavens sun plainly doth reveal,

And scourge or crown, what darkness did conceal.

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*Finis Actus Quarti.*

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*Actus Quintus.*

*Enter Antonio and a Slave, out in the others habit.*

*Slave.* **B**Ut faith, Sir, what's your device in this? this change  
inquires some project.

*Ans.* Shall I tell thee?  
Thou art my Slave, I took thee (then a Turk,  
In the sight thou knowest we made before *Palermo*)

Thou art not in stricter bondage unto me  
Than I am unto *Cupid*.

*Slave.* Oh then you are going, Sir,  
To your old rendezvous, there are brave rogues there;  
But the Duke observes you narrowly, and sets spies  
To watch if you slip that way.

*Ans.* Why therefore man,  
Thus many times, I have chang'd habits with thee,  
To cheat suspicion, and perjur'd nature  
(Mistress of inclinations) sure intended,  
To knit thee up so like me, for this purpose,  
For th'art been taken in my habit for me.

*Slave.* Yes, and have had many a French cringe  
As I have walk'd *Park*; and for fear of discovery,  
I have crowd'd it only with a nod.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Ans.* That's a mad villain:  
But firrah, I am wondrously taken  
With a sweet face I saw yonder; thou know'st where.

*Slave.* At *Venus* Colledge, the Court-bauby-house.

*Ans.* But this man, howsoever she came there,  
Is acquainted so with heaven, that when I thought  
To have quench'd my frantick blood, and to have pluck'd  
The fruit a king would leap at; even then she beat me  
With such brave thunder off, as if heaven had lent her  
The Artillery of Angels.

*Slave.* She was coy then.

*Ans.* Coy man! she was honest; left coyneis to court-Ladies:  
She speaks the language of the saints, me thought.

Holy Spectators fare on silver Clouds,  
And clasp their white wings at her well-plac'd words.  
She peicemeal pull'd the frame of my intentions,  
And so joynd it again, that all the stamp  
Of blood can never reach.

Slave. Some rare Phoenix, what's her name?

*Sister.* Sometime I have thought  
*Anno.* 'Tis Miracles, and wondrous aptly,  
For she is Miracle of a hundred thousand holy heavenly  
Chastity I love her now, and the mist know it : (thoughts.  
Such wondrous wealth is virtue, it makes the woman  
Wears it about her worthy of a king ;  
Since kings can be but vertuous, farwell.  
A crown is but the care of short'nd life,  
He's king of men, is crown'd with such a wife:  
*Sister Annals*, and the Lord after him

Slave. Are your thoughts level'd at that which there's a good  
 This shall to th' Duke your dad, fir; he can never talk with me,  
 But he twits me still with, I took thee at that fight  
 We made before *Parimur*; I did command  
 Men as he did there, Turks and valiant men;  
 And though to wind my self up for his ruine,  
 That I may fall and crush him, I appear  
 To renounce *Popery*, and seem a Christian;  
 'Tis but conveniently to flab this Christian,  
 Or any way confound him, and scape cleanly,  
 And one expects the deed: to hasten it,  
 This letter came even now, which likewise certifies  
 He wits me three leagues off, with a horse for flight  
 Of a Turkish Captain, commander of a Gally;  
 He keeps me as his slave, because indeed  
 I plaid the devil at sea, with him; but having  
 Thus wrought my self into him, I intend  
 To give him but this day to take his leave  
 Of the whole world; he will come back by twilight;  
 I'll wait him with a pistol: Oh sweet revenge!  
 Laugh our great proper; he shall understand  
 When we think death farthest off, he's secret hand.

**Enter Philippo.**

Phil. You and I must meet no more fir; there's your life a-  
gain.

*Slave.* Hold, hold, what mean you fir?

phil. I have brought your kick back fir \_\_\_\_\_



Phil. Thou hast spoken true, thou art not—What art thou?  
But I am for *Verona*.

Slave, Mine own words catch me, I am understanding;  
When we think death farthest off, he's nearest hand. *Dies.*

*Enter Lorenzo.*

She lives not sure in *Milain*: report but were  
Her usual habit, when she sold in *Verona*.  
She met *Albion* here: Oh *Albion*!  
How lovely thou look'st now: now thou appearest  
Chaster than is the morning's modestie  
That riseth with a blush, over whose bosom  
The Western wind creeps softly: Now I remember  
How when she sat at Table, her observance  
Would dwell on mine, as if it were not well,  
Unless it look'd where I look'd: Oh how proud  
She was, when she could cross her self no pleasure  
But where now is this fair soul? like a silver cloud  
She hath wept her self, I fear, into th' dead sea,  
And will be found no more: this makes me mad  
To rave and call on death; but the slave thinks,  
And is as far to finde, as she. *Albion*,  
If thou not answer or appear to knowledge,  
That here with thine I fought thee in this wood,  
I'll leave the blushing witness of my blood. *Exit.*

*Enter the Duke of Milain, Sebastian, Sanchez,  
and the Lord.*

Mil. Followed you him thus far?

Lord. Just to this place, sir:

The slave he loves left him, here they parted.

Mil. Certain he has some private haunts this way.

Seb. Ha—— private indeed, sir: Oh behold and see  
Where he lies full of wounds!

Lord. My Lord.

Mil. My son *Antonio*! who hath done this deed?

Santh. My Lord *Antonio*!

Mil. He's gone, he's gone; warm yet, bleeds fresh, and whilst

We here hold passion play, we but advantage

The flying murderer. Bear his body gently

Unto the lodge: Oh what hand hath so hid

That sunlike face, behind a crimson cloud!

Use all means possible for life: but I fear

Charity will arrive too late. To horse,

Disperse through the wood, run, ride, make way,  
The Sun in *Milain* is eclips'd this day.

*Om.* To horse, and raise more pursuair.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lorenzo, with his sword drawn.*

*Lor.* *Abtemis*! Oh take her name you winds upon your wings,  
And through the wanton Region of the Air,  
Softly convey it to her: there's no sweet sufferance,  
Which bravely she pass through, but is a thorn  
Now to my sides: my will the center flood  
To all her chaste endeavours: all her actions,  
With a perfection perpendicular,  
Pointed upon, she is lost; Oh she  
The well-built fort of virtues victory!  
For still she conquer'd: since she is lost, then,  
My friendly sword find thou my heart. *Within.* Follow, follow.

*Enter Milain, Sanabio, Sebastiano.*

*Mil.* This way, what's he? lay hands on him.

*Sebast.* The murderer on my life, my Lord, here in the wood  
Was close beset, he would have slain himself.

*Mil.* Speak villain, art thou the bloody murderer?

*Lor.* Of whom?

*Sanab.* His dissembled ignorance speaks him the man.

*Seb.* Of the Dukes son, the Prince *Antonio*, sir; 'twas your  
hand that kill'd him.

*Lor.* Your Lordship lyes, it was my sword.

*Mil.* Our slave!

Ravens shall feed upon thee: Speak, what cause  
Hast thou with one unhappy wound, to cloud  
That Seal of *Milain*?

*Lor.* 'Because he was an erring star,  
Not fix'd nor regular; I will resolve nothing:  
I did it, do not repent it; and were it  
To do again, I'd do't.

*Om.* Blood-thirsty villain!

*Mil.* Leave him to swift destruction, tortures and death.

Oh my *Antonio*! how did thy youth stray,  
To meet wild winter, in the midst of May?

*Lor.* Oh my *Abtemis*! Who cast thy face so bad,  
To clip affliction, like a husband clad?

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*The City-Night-Cap.*

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*Enter Antonio and Albano.*

*Alb.* Good Sir, the Prince makes known his wisdom,  
To make you speaker in his cause.

*Ant.* Me? I know Mistress,  
I have felt loves passion equal with himself,  
And can discourse of loves cause & had you seen him  
When he sent me to ye, how truly he did look;  
And when your name slip'd through his trembling lips,  
A lovers lovely paleness straight possess him.

*Alb.* Fic, fic.

*Ant.* Go says he to that something more then woman,  
(And he look'd as if by something he meant saint)  
Tell her I saw heaven's army in her eyes,  
And that from her chaste heart, such excellent goodness  
Came like full rivers flowing; that there wants nothing  
But her soft yielding will, to make her wife  
Unto the Prince Antonio: Oh will you flie  
A fortune which great Ladies would pursue  
Upon their knees with prayers?

*Alb.* No, *Lorenzo*:  
Had law to this new love made no denial,  
A chaste wifes truth shines through the greatest cryal.

*Enter Merdo.*

*Mer.* How now, what makes you lish' wood here? where's my  
*Alb.* I know not.

*Mer.* All the countrie's in an uprore yonder, the Prince  
*Ant.* How?

*Mer.* Nay no man can tell how; but the murderer wish's  
*Ant.* Is he of Millain?

*Mer.* No, of *Pieraz*; I heard his name, and I have forgot it.  
*Ant.* I am all wonder, 'tis the slave sure.

*Mer.* Lor, Lor, *Lorenzo*.

*Alb.* Ha, *Lorenzo*! What *Lorenzo*?

*Mer.* *Lorenzo* Me—*Medes* has run him in the eye, some  
thirty three inches, two barley coars: they could scarce know him  
for the blood, but by his apparel, I must find out my Lady: he  
us'd our house, intelligence has been given of his pilgrimage  
thither: I am afraid I shall be sing'd to death with torches,  
and my Lady strew'd between two dishes.

*Ant.* VVhy hath this thus amaz'd you, Mistress?

*Alb.*

Alb. Oh leave me, leave me, I am all distraction,  
Struck to the soul with sorrow.

*Enter Adeline, Lords and Lorenzo guarded.*

Ans. See where they come! my dear lord, my dear lord,  
My father full of tears too? I'll stand by him, and  
Strange changes must have strange deliveries.

Alb. 'Tis he: heart, how thou leap'st! Oh ye deluded,  
And full of false rash judgment: why do ye lead  
Innocence like a prisoner to the altar?  
Get garlands, robes, leopards and ivory tusks,  
Those temples, where such wretched wretches stand.

Lor. He?

Dances, Well, look.

Alb. Oh Lorenzo! thou hast suffer'd bravely,  
And wondrous far'st look on me, here I come  
Hurried by conscience to confess the deed:  
Thy innocent blood will be too gross a burden  
Upon the judges' soul.

Lor. Adeline!

Alb. Look, look how he will blind ye; by and by he'll tell  
We saw not one another many a day;  
In loves cause we dare make our lives away,  
He would redeem mine, 'tis my husband, for,  
Dearly we love together, but I being often  
By the dead Prince your son solicited

To wrong my husband's bed, and still resisting,  
Where you found him dead, he nipt me, and the place  
Presenting opportunity, he would there

Have forc'd me to his will, but prizing honesty  
Far above proffer'd honour, with my knife  
In my resistance most unfortunately

I struck him in the eye: he fell, was found,  
The pursuit rais'd, and ere I could get home  
My husband met me, I confess all to him.

He excellent in love as the sea-inhabitant,  
Of whom 'tis writ, that when the flustering hour  
Has struck his female, he will help her on.

Although he desperately put on himself,  
But if he fall, and see but leave his eyes,  
He swims so land, will languish and then die.

Such is his love to me, he pursu'd closely,  
He bid me save my self, and he would stay  
With his drawn sword, there about the place, so purpose

To requite my loyalty, though with his death.

Fear

Fear forc'd my acceptance, this my first confession  
Hath brought me back to prove my innocence

*Ser.* The circumstances prove me innocent

*Law.* By truth her self, she flanders truth: she said I  
Have not met these many months: Oh my *Alcina*!

Thou wouldst be now so excellent

*Anto.* These are strange days

*Mill.* Let not love struggle with me; speak on thy soul,  
Was it her hand, that slew the Prince?

*Law.* Not, on my life,

'Tis I have deferr'd death

*Anto.* Love makes him desperate

Conscience is my scruple: Oh *Lawrence*!

Live thou and feed on my remembrance

When thou shalt think how instantly I lov'd thee

Drop but a pair of tears, from these false eyes

Thou offer'st truth's weak satisfaction

*Law.* Did ye hear her, sir?

*Anto.* No, what said she?

*Law.* She ask'd me why I would call my self away thus

When she in love dwells so thick to fast me

*Ser.* There may be something for in this, it may be

They have both hands in't deed, and one in love

Would suffer for both

Enter a Lord.

*Mill.* Whom comes?

*Lord.* The Dukes of Venice and Verona

With some full train of gentlemen are privately

This hour come to the Court.

*Mill.* Bear them to prison

Until we have given such entertainment, sorrow

Will give us leave to show: until that time

The satisfaction of my lost sons life

Must hover 'twixt a husband and a wife

*Anto.* How strangely chance to day runs! the slave kill'd

In my apparel, and this fellow taken for

Whom to my knowledge I ne'er saw: the loves him

As all expression dearly: I have a trick

In that so infinitely dear she loves him

That she will have him already: and I'll put

This wondrous love of woman to such a nonplus,

Time

I have had produc'd none since. I will let  
Honour and love weigh for his and death. I will  
Beuile (as Castles built of cards) with a brush  
Is leuell'd and laid flat.

*Enter Philippo, putting on a disguise, lays  
down a Pistol.*

**Phil.** Misery of ignorance! I am not  
He was the Prince. *Antioch* I have slain. I have not  
**Ant.** Ha! the clew of all this error. *Antioch*  
This is the valliant gentleman so thoum'd and  
He met the slave doubtless in my habit  
And seal'd upon him his mistaten spleen.  
If it be so, there hangs false strange  
In those accuse themselves false.

**Phil.** It seems some other had told the plot to kill him.  
This paper I found with him, speaks as much.  
And sent to the intended murderer,  
Happen'd it seems to his hands. I remember  
For they say, there is one taken for the fact,  
And will doome the course to be hang'd for me.

*Antioch takes up the Pistol.*  
There's comfort yet in that: so so, I am fir'd,  
And will set forward.

**Ant.** Goose, there's a fox in your way.

**Phil.** Betray'd!

**Ant.** Come, I have other busin'ss about; I have no time to  
discover 'em now, sir; see, I can infect you: but by this hand,  
go but with me, and keep your own counsel: garden-shoules are  
not truer bawls to cuckold-making, then I will be in thee, and  
thy stratagem.

**Phil.** Th'art a mad knave, art thou?

**Ant.** As a inferer when he's selling interest-money.

**Phil.** VVhat's thou art, thy bluntness begins to believ' go on,  
I trust thee.

**Ant.** But I have more wit then to trust you behind me. I  
pray get you before, I have a private friend shall keep you in  
custody, till I have pass'd project; and if you can keep your own  
counsel, I will not injure you: and this for your comfort, the  
Prince lives.

**Phil.** Living! thou mak'st my blood dance: but prithee let's  
be honest one to another.

**Ant.** Oh sir, as the Justice clark, and the Cordelier, when  
they



they share the crowns that thousands pay to the poor ; pray keep  
fair distance, and take no great notice.

Enter.

Enter Lorenzo and Alphonso, as in prison.

Lor. Can then Alphonso forgive Lorenzo ?

Alph. Yes, if Lorenzo can but love Alphonso,  
She can thus hang upon his neck, and call  
This prison were loves palace.

Lor. Oh too King!

Forget their crimes, that know what 'tis to enjoy

The wondrous wealth of our so good ; now

Thou art lovely as a young spring, and easily

As is the well-bread Cider ; the fair flesh,

Kiss by the sun so daily, that it wears

The lovely blush of maiden, seems but to mock

Thy souls integrity ; have let me fall,

And with pleading sighs beg pardon.

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. Sir, it meets you,

Like a glad pilgrim, whose desiring eye,

Longs for the long-wish'd altar of his vow ;

But you are far too prodigal in praise,

And crown me with the garlands of your merit,

As we meet backs on rivers, the strong gale,

(Being best friends to us) our own swift motion

Makes us believe that 't'other mimbler rows,

Swift virtue thinks small goodness fallen gone.

Lor. Sorrow hath bravely increased that : what are you ?

Alph. A displeasing black cloud ; though I appear dismal,

I am wondrous fruitful : what cause for yet

Mov'd you to take this murder on your self,

Or you to strike your self into the hazard

I or his redemption, 'tis to me a stranger,

But I conceive you are both innocent.

Lor. As new-born virtue, I did accuse

My innocence to rid me of a life

Look uglier then death, upon an injury

I had done this virtuous wife.

Alph. And I accus'd

H

My

My innocence to save the belov'd life  
Of my most noble husband.

*Ans.* Why then? now 't would grieve you,  
Death should unkindly part ye.

*Lor.* Oh but that, sir,  
We have no sorrow now to part from her.

(Since heaven hath new married, and new made us)  
I had rather leap into a den of Lyons,

Snatch from a hungry bear her bleeding prey,  
I would attempt desperate impossibilities

With hope, rather than now to leave her.  
*Ans.* This makes for me.

*Alst.* And rather than leave you, no, I would eat  
Hot coals with *Proth*, or adventure a terror,

Nature would snail-like shield her head in me,  
And tremble bus to shank on.

*Ans.* Better and better  
If you so love him, what can you coach?

The greatest kindness can express this love.  
*Alst.* To save his life, since there is no hope,

Seeing he so strongly has confess't the murder,  
We shall meet the happiness to dye together.

*Ans.* Fire casts the bravest fear in coldest weather,  
I'll try how ardently you burn, for know

Upon my faith, and as I am a gentleman,  
I have (in the next room, and in the custody

Of a true friend) the man that did the deed  
You stand accus'd for.

*Alst.* Hark there, *Lorance*.  
*Lor.* Will you not let him go, sir?

*Ans.* That's in suspense; but surely, you did say  
You durst eat coals with *Proth*, to redeem

The infinitely loved life of your husband.  
*Alst.* And still strongly protest it.

*Lor.* Oh my *Albany*!  
*Ans.* You shall redeem him at an easier rate: I

I have the murderer you see in hold.  
*Lor.* And we are rich in your discovery of him.

*Ans.* If you will give consent that I shall taste  
That fence-bereaving pleasure so familiar

Unto your happy husband.  
*Alst.* How?

*Ans.* Pray hear me;  
Then I will give this fellow up to the law.

If you deny, horses stand ready for us,  
A bark for transportation, where we will live

Thill

Till law by death hath sever'd ye

*Lar.* But we will call for prison warrants

*Ans.* Look ye

Experienc'd navigators still are wised

For every weather : 'tis almost past call

To reach the simplest air : yet but call it

I part ye presently for ever

Consider it

The enjoying him thou so intirely lov'st

All thy life after : that when mirth-spent time

Hath crown'd your heads with honour, you may sit

And tell delightful stories of your loves :

And when ye come to that poor minutes scape

Crowns my desire, ye may for that slip by

Like water that ne'er the miller's Millers eye

Compare but this, to th' soon-forgotten pleasure

Of a pair of wealthy minutes : the chaste Lapidary

Knows the most curious Jewel takes no harm,

For one day's wearing : could you sit (did your eye

Not see it worne) your wife having lent your cloak,

(if secretly return'd and folded up)

Could you conceive, when you next look'd upon't,

It had neatly furnish'd our poor friends want ?

Be charitable, and think on't

*Lar.* Dost hear, *Abel* ?

Oh shall we part for ever, when a price

So poor might be our freedom ?

*Abel.* Now goodness guard ye !

Where learns you, sir, this language ?

*Lar.* Of true love :

You did but now profess, that you would dye

To save my life, and now like a forward chapman,

Catch'd at thy word, thou giv'st back alarm'd

To stand this case proffer

*Abel.* Could you live,

And know your selfe a cuckold ?

*Ans.* What a question's that ?

Many men cannot live without the knowledge :

How can ye tell,

Whether she seems thus to respect your honour

But to stay till the law has choak'd ye ? It may be then

She will do't, with less intreaty

*Lar.* I, there, there 'tis

*Abel.* 'Tis your old fir of jealousy to judge :

A foul devil talks within him

*Lar.* Oh the art,

The wondrous art of woman ! ye would do it daintily,

You would juggle me to death, you would persuade me  
I should dye nobly to purchase your honour;  
That dead ignobly you might prove dishonourable,  
Forget me in a day, and wed another.

*Alb.* Why then would I have dyed for you?

*Ass.* That was but a proffer, that dying you might idolize  
her love.

I would have put her off the better.

*Lor.* Oh you have builded

A golden palace, strew'd with Palin and Roses,

To let me bleed to death in! How sweetly

You would have lost me! *Albemia*, you have learn'd

The cunning Fowler's art, who pleasantly

Whistles the bird into the snare: good heaven!

How you had strew'd the enticing way with

With *Arabian* Spices! but you had hid the bottom

*Sophies* *Acute*: you are loves hypocrite!

A rotten stick in the night's darkness worn,

And a salt Popple in a field of corn.

*Alb.* Oh sir! hear me—

*Lor.* Away, I will no more

Look pearl in mud: Oh lie hypocrite!

Durst ye but now die for me? good heaven! die for me!

The greatest act of pain, and dare not buy me

With a poor minutes pleasure!

*Alb.* No sir, I dare not: there is little pain in death,

But a great death in very little pleasures:

I had rather, trust me, bear your death with honour,

Then buy your life with baseness: as I am expos'd

To th' greatest battery beauty ever fought,

Oh blame me not, if I be covetous

To come off with greatest honour: if I do this

To let you live, I kill your name, and give

My soul's wounds: I crush her from sweet grace,

And change her Angels to a furies face:

Try me no more then, but if you must bleed, boast:

To preserve honour, life is nobly lost.

*Lor.* Thou wasth worth more then kingdoms, I am now con-  
founded,

Past all suspicion, thou that art far sweeter

In thy sincere truth, then a sacrifice

Deck'd up for death with garlands: the *Indians* would

That blow off from the coast, and cheer the Saylor

With the sweet savour of their spices, want

The delights now in thee: look here, look here—

Oh man of wilde desires; we will die the Martyrs

*The City Night-Cap*

39

Of Marriage, and kind of the last desires  
Which they shall have, and the last desires  
Desires in the last moments of the last desires  
Shall leave the crown home, and the last desires

*Ans. Murder, murder, murder!*

*Enter the three Dukes, with Lords.*

*Mill. Ha, who cries murder?*

*Phil. As yare a gentleman, now be true to me.*

*Ans. Sir,*

*Yes, Sister?*

*Yes. My shame, art thou there?*

*Yes. Oh sister, can it be*

*A Prince's blood should stain that white hand?*

*Ans. Hear us.*

*Ans. No, no, no, hear me, I cry'd murder!*

*Because I have found them both slain with the dead,*

*They would have throated me.*

*Lor. Hear us, by all.*

*Mill. Upon your lives be silent, speak on, or:*

*Had they both hands in our sons blood?*

*Ans. Two hands apiece, Sir:*

*I have sifted it, they both have kill'd the Prince;*

*But this is the chief murderer: please you give me audience,*

*Ye shall wonder at the manner how they kill'd him.*

*Mill. Silence.*

*Ans. He came first to this woman, and truth's truth;*

*He would have lain with her.*

*Mill. Her own confession.*

*Ans. Nay good your Grace.*

*Mill. We are silent.*

*Ans. Coming to seize upon her, with the first blow*

*She struck his brain instant to drive a buffer,*

*That there he bled to death: (he laid his knife*

*Would reach him better manners: there he dy'd over.)*

*Phil. What does this fellow talk?*

*Ans. I understand him.*

*Ans. He met her next i'th' wood, where he was found dead:*

*Then he came nobler up to her, and told her*

*Marriage was his intent: But she is nobly*

*(Belike to let him know she was married)*

*Told him in an intelligible denial.*

*A chaste wives truth thind through the greatest trial:*

*There the Prince dy'd again.*

*Ed.*

*Lad.* There's twice, before the third time.

*Ant.* The third time, he came here, so then both in prison,  
Brought a pistol with him, would have shot at her again,  
But had ye seen how fairly then she flew him,  
You would have shot applauses from your eyes;  
Oh she came up so bravely to that Prince,  
Hot potent Luba, (Oh she was no Prince-ess)  
With such a valiant discipline she destroy'd  
That deboth'd Prince, and Despre; and then by him  
So bravely too fetch'd off, that (so conceiv'd)  
Berwix them they this wonder did conceive,  
They kill'd the Prince, but kept your son alive.

*Mill. Antonio?*

*Oma.* The Prince.

*Yes.* Come home my sister to my heart.

*Yes.* And now *Letters* is again my belov'd kinsman.

*Ant.* Oh fit, here dwells virtue epitomiz'd,  
Even to an abstract, and yet that so large,  
'Twill swell a book in folio.

*Lad.* She swells beyond my wife then.

A pocket-book bound in *Decimo Sexto*  
Will hold her virtues; and as much spare paper left  
As will furnish five Tobacco-shops.

*Mill.* But here's the wonder, who is it was slain  
In your apparel?

*Phil.* I will give them all the slip.

*Ant.* Here's a gentleman of *Ferrara*.

*Phil.* As you are noble.

*Ant.* That saw them fight: It was the Slave was slain, fir,  
I took before *Palermo*; he that kill'd him,  
Took him but for a gentleman his equal:  
And as this eye-witn's says, he in my apparel  
Did kick the r'other fir.

*Phil.* Nay, upon my life, fir,

He in your apparel gave the first kick: I saw them fight,  
And I dare swear the r'other honest gentleman  
Little thought he had slain any thing like the Prince;  
For I heard him swear but half an hour before,  
He never saw your Grace.

*Mill.* Then he kill'd him fairly.

*Phil.* Upon my life, my Lord.

*Yes.* T'other had but his mark then: who dies,  
And seeks his death, seldom wets other's eyes.

*Ant.* Let this persuade you, I believe you noble,  
I have kept my word with you.

*Phil.* You have out-done me, fir,



*The City-Night-Cap.*

61

In this brave exercise of honour : but let me  
In mine own person thank you.

*Oswald, Philippe :*

*Phil.* Unwittingly I did an ill (as 't happen'd)  
To a good end: that I have I for you kill'd,  
Wanted but time to kill you : Read that paper  
Which I found with him, I thinking by accident  
You had intercepted it : we all have happily  
Been well deceiv'd ; you are noble, just and true ;  
My hate was at your clothes, my heart at you.

*Virg.* An accident more strange hath seldom happen'd.

*Virg.* *Philippe*, my best friend, 'twixt shame and love  
Here let me lay thee now for ever.

*Abf.* Heaven—

Hath now plain'd all our rough woes smooth and even.

*Mill.* At Court, large relation in eye form  
Shall render past proceedings ; but to distinguish  
(Excellent Lady) your unparallel'd praises  
From those but seem, let this serve : had women,  
Are natures clouds eclipsing her fair shine ;  
The good, all gracious, saint-like and divine.

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FINIS.

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